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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1938.



**THE FALL OF LERIDA TO GENERAL FRANCO: TROOPS MOPPING-UP AND MEETING FIRE FROM SNIPERS—
WITH A WOUNDED MAN ON THE GROUND ON THE RIGHT.**

Lerida, the first Catalan city to fall to General Franco's troops, was illustrated in our last issue. Here is given a remarkable photograph taken while the fighting in the streets was still going on. According to the most reliable reports, the Nationalist infantry—including Moroccan units—first entered the city (which had been repeatedly bombed) behind tanks. Government machine-gunners held on

until the last moment in the old fortress, in numerous private houses, and on a series of hillocks round the city. Aeroplanes were again called in, to bomb them out of these positions. To judge from their attitudes, the troops in this photograph have been fired on unexpectedly; some are running forward; others dropping to the ground to shoot; while on the right a man lies wounded. (*Wide World.*)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A SHORT while ago I was reading a delightful addition to that remarkable achievement, the Everyman Library—a twentieth-century continuation of that familiar work of our schooldays, Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." What particularly interested me about it, apart from a fine assemblage of familiar favourites—many of them first committed to memory on midnight walks on straight poplar-lined roads near a French aerodrome in the closing months of the war—was its conclusion. For the final extracts were concerned with one aspect of life only, and that the political. This, it would seem, is the chief interest of our most modern poets, judging them, at any rate, by such of their work as appears in this anthology.

At various periods of literary history, poetry has been regarded as a form of expression which could only be applied to certain specially selected aspects of human existence. Thus in the eighteenth century, verse was expected to confine itself to the enunciation of moral and philosophical platitudes, and to an occasional polite pretence of Arcadian love-making. At one point in the Victorian era its range was again limited, this time to violets and other domestic wild flowers symbolical of unmerited grief and passionless true love, the kind of ringlets, preferably golden, that young ladies wore at the backs of their heads, and more occasionally to the heroism of British soldiers *sans peur et sans reproche* and in full regimentals. Though the greater sort of poet could never be so restricted, the minor ones conformed. But at other times we have been more liberal in our interpretation of the scope of poetry: thus Wordsworth at the close of the eighteenth and Masfield at the beginning of the twentieth century reminded us of the old truth that all human experience, so long as it is felt with sufficient intensity, is fit subject for poetry. There is certainly nothing in politics—for all the dreary stretches of dry-as-dust report, committee and meeting that encompass the high places of that great social activity—that is unworthy the attention of the poet. The mind reverts to certain sonnets of Wordsworth and Milton, to Marvell's Horatian Ode, and in more recent times to Vachel Lindsay's account of the epic election in which boy Bryan went down in defeat before the moneyed ranks of the East to the grief of the West—

Defeat of Alfalfa and the Mariposa lily.
Defeat of the Pacific and the long Mississippi.
Defeat of the young by the old and silly.
Defeat of tornadoes by the poison vats supreme.
Defeat of my boyhood, defeat of my dream.

Though in this connection it is perhaps worth noting that the finest political poetry has generally been that which has been inspired, not by that which the politicians strove to win—victory and office—but by that which they were certain to attain in the end, defeat and oblivion—

Where is McKinley, Mark Hanna's McKinley,
His slave, his echo, his suit of clothes?
Gone to join the shadows with the poms of that time,
And the flame of that summer's prairie rose.

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!", cried Edmund Burke in the hurly-burly of an election, and graced even the hustings with the bays of poetic reflection.

This, however, is not the aspect of politics that seems to appeal to the young writers who take a merited and honoured place at the end of this carefully sifted selection of our own century's contribution to the heritage of English poetry. Their verse is melancholy enough, it is true, but at the inadequacy of the present and—this gives them a certain mournful satisfaction—of the bloody and horrible end that is shortly coming to it. Theirs is a dream, not of the mutability of the past, but of the wider and higher achievement of the future. "Open your eyes," sings one of them—

dislike of our monetary system, he would probably not approve that adjective—not in the remote past, but in the remote future.

In all this—and much of the verse of the Communist poets of the nineteen-thirties seems to me moving and palpably sincere—there is a disappointing limitation. Paradoxical as this may sound, such idealism is not altogether dissimilar to that of the young poets of forty years ago, who sustained their Muse—and occasionally other people's shares—on an all-absorbing faith in the human Utopia which was to follow the continued expansion of the British Empire. Poetry, certainly, has been inspired by dreams of many kinds, but the greatest of all has not been inspired by dreams at all. Neither Shakespeare nor Homer were much infatuated by the past, future, or any other kind of visionary paradise. They found their inspiration in human life as it is. The poetry that strikes straight to the heart is that which tells of the living world around one, of men and women not taking their ease in some fabulous Zion, but sorrowing, rejoicing and struggling amid the unavoidable conditions of this often harsh and transitory but none the less vital and absorbing existence.

In fact, though it is as natural in him as in other men to wish to see that lot alleviated, the poet with his keener perception should be the first to recognise that its tragedies are not solely the result of remediable evils, but of certain inherent attributes in human-kind itself. From them spring most of our obstacles and nearly all our tears. Nor can they be eradicated without eradicating life itself. Yet—and this is the theme of perhaps the very greatest poetry of all—man, that frail, illogical and slightly absurd creature, has some spark in him that inspires him in fact's despite to hitch his labouring, earth-bound wagon to a star and aspire to the objective justice and nobility of the gods. Like the charity that is sometimes in him, he hopeth, endureth and believeth all things. The young Communist poet of our age is a case in point; his moving and rather naive faith that man, under a slightly different set of lawyer's ordinances, will shortly attain to a noble and perpetual disinterestedness which he has never been able to reach in the past, has about it something of the sublime, even if it has also not a little of the ridiculous. But then, man and his beliefs are ridiculous, and the poet is, if less a poet, the more a man for sharing them. And how fine and vital is such generous enthusiasm for a life which shall prove more real and vital for all men. Of course, it will not do so in reality: calling parliaments Soviets, and the privileged of the ruling class Commissars, will not alter man's essential nature, nor lift the weight of the burdens he is bound by his own follies to bear.

And whatever may be the politician's business, it still remains that of the artist to see life steadily and see it whole, to comprehend both Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and admire at once the absurdity and fatuity that is in each of them, and the beauty. "C'est la vie entière que c'est mon métier." If one of the defects of the artistic perception is a more than ordinary human petulance and independability, its justification is an ability to accept and rejoice in the whole of creation as it is.



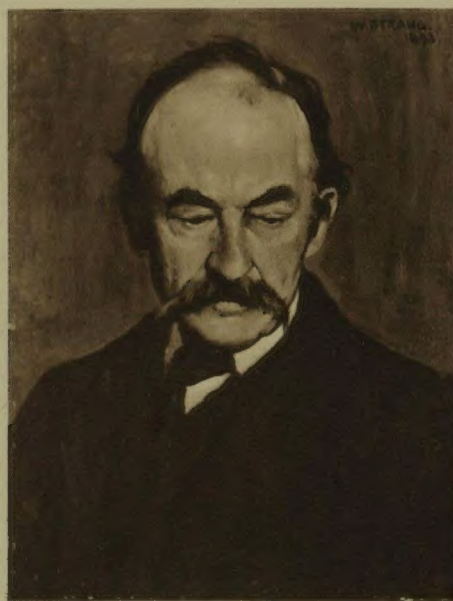
"RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM" (1788-1845): A PENCIL DRAWING OF ABOUT 1842 BY R. J. LANE. (Presented by his great-grandson, Edward A. Platt.)



"AGNES STRICKLAND" (1796-1874): A DRAWING IN CHALKS, OF 1846, BY CHARLES GOW. (Presented by Wilfred Partington.)



"SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BARONET" (1829-1896): A CHALK DRAWING OF ABOUT 1860 BY WILLIAM HOLMAN MUNT. (Presented in memory of Sydney Morse by his son, L. G. Esmond Morse.)



"THOMAS HARDY, O.M." (1840-1928): AN OIL-SKETCH OF 1893 BY WILLIAM STRANG. (Bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery by Mrs. Thomas Hardy.)

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY EXHIBITION OF RECENT ACQUISITIONS: NOTABLE EXAMPLES ADDED TO THE NATION'S COLLECTION.

To-day (April 16) is the date fixed for the opening of an exhibition of recent acquisitions at the National Portrait Gallery. The list comprises altogether 23 paintings or drawings, 2 medallions, and 1 work of sculpture—Epstein's bronze bust of James Ramsay MacDonald. To the four interesting examples here reproduced the biographical details added are as follows: "Richard Harris Barham, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. Novelist and author of 'The Ingoldsby Legends.'"—"Agnes Strickland, joint author with her sister Elizabeth of 'Lives of the Queens of England.'"—"Sir John Millais, President of the Royal Academy. A painter of portraits, landscapes, and many well-known story-pictures. One of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood."—"Thomas Hardy, novelist and poet. He began life as an architect. The author of 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' and 'The Dynasts.'" (Crown Copyrights Reserved.)

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.)

for vision
is here of a world that has ceased to be
bought and sold,
and goes on to speak with passionate conviction of
the wondrous age that is coming, of comrades who—
happy at night, talk
Of the demon bowler cracked over the elm trees,
of "young men proud of their output; women no
longer stale." In fact, unlike most of the poets, this
writer finds his golden age—though, with his strong

IMPERIAL IMPETUS TO THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: THE PREMIER'S SPEECH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.N.A.



ATTENDED BY LEADERS OF ALL PARTIES AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE DOMINIONS AND COLONIES: THE GREAT MEETING HELD IN WESTMINSTER HALL IN SUPPORT OF THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT GLASGOW, WHEN THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE LABOUR AND LIBERAL CHIEFS COMBINED IN ENTHUSIASTIC APPROBATION.



THE PREMIER COMMENDS THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION AS "A PICTURE OF THE CULTURE, LIFE, AND INDUSTRY . . . OF THE MANY COUNTRIES OF THE EMPIRE": MR. CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKING IN WESTMINSTER HALL—SHOWING ALSO (LEFT TO RIGHT IN FRONT) MR. E. G. CULPIN, MR. C. M. WEIR, LORD LOTHIAN, AND (TO THE RIGHT OF THE PRIME MINISTER) LORD ELGIN, (CHAIRMAN), MR. ATTLEE, THE LORD MAYOR, AND MR. WALTER ELLIOT, SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

A representative Imperial assemblage met in Westminster Hall on April 7 to support the Empire Exhibition to be held at Glasgow from May 3 to October 29. The Prime Minister described the Exhibition as "a picture of the culture, life, and industry not of one country, but of the many countries of the Empire. . . . There is need," he continued, "for understanding and co-operation between nations. We of the British Commonwealth can give a living example of those

principles. . . . It is an idea very near to the heart of my father, whose proudest title was that of Colonial Secretary." Other speakers were Lord Elgin, who presided; Mr. C. R. Attlee, Leader of the Opposition; Lord Lothian (for the Liberal Opposition); the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Harry Twyford); Mr. Cecil M. Weir, Chairman of the Exhibition Administrative Committee; Mr. E. G. Culpin, Chairman of the L.C.C. and Mr. Walter Elliot.

ON LAND AND SEA AND IN THE AIR: TOPICAL NEWS EVENTS IN PICTURES.



SIMPLIFYING THE TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS FROM TRAIN TO FLYING-BOAT: THE "CANOPUS" AT THE NEW EMBARKATION RAFT AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Under a new system which has just come into operation, passengers for Imperial Airways flying-boats will be able to embark and disembark practically at the dockside at Southampton. Formerly, they had to travel by tender to the raft in Southampton Water. Now the embarkation raft has been placed only 300 ft. from the quayside and connected with it by a pontoon bridge. Our photograph shows the "Canopus" being hauled alongside the raft. (*Planet News*.)



LINERS OF THE SEA AND AIR AT SOUTHAMPTON: THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOAT "CORIO" BEING BERTHED AHEAD OF THE "CAPETOWN CASTLE."

The inauguration of the new raft at Southampton for Imperial Airways flying-boats means that these giant air-liners are now sometimes berthed ahead of their friendly rivals, the sea-liners. Our photograph shows the "Corio" being hauled in ahead of the "Capetown Castle," which will start on her maiden voyage on April 29. This 27,000-ton Union-Castle liner is similar to the "Stirling Castle," though larger, and will assist in the accelerated service to Cape Town. (*Associated Press*.)



REARMAMENT IN THE ROYAL NAVY: H.M.S. "EFFINGHAM" AFTER RECONSTRUCTION, DURING WHICH HER SEVEN 7.5-IN. GUNS WERE REPLACED BY NINE 6-IN.

H.M.S. "Effingham" is the first ship of the Improved "Birmingham" class to complete her reconstruction. Her original armament of seven 7.5-in. guns has been replaced by nine 6-in. mounted singly, and there is now a single large funnel in place of the two previously fitted. This new funnel and the unusual mounting of the 6-in. guns forward and aft at three levels form the more outstanding characteristics of her appearance on reconstruction. She was due to commission for trials on April 13, after which she will revert to dockyard control, finally

recommissioning on June 15. H.M.S. "Effingham" was completed in 1925 at a cost of £2,162,985, and her reconstruction has cost £464,183 — this compares very favourably with that of the battleship "Warspite," which originally cost £2,524,148 and was reconstructed for £2,114,214.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GIFT TO THE KING'S BATH AT BATH: THE STONE CHAIR ON WHICH AN INSCRIPTION HAS BEEN FOUND.

During work now being carried out in the historic King's Bath at Bath, the removal of about half an inch of lime-wash, the accumulation of many years, on an old carved stone chair below the water-level has disclosed the wording "Anastatia Gray gave this 1739." The stone chair was evidently a thank-offering, as was the stone balustrade around the Bath, which was the gift of Sir Francis Stowor in 1697—a fact recorded by an inscribed tablet.



THE TOLL OF THE ROAD: THE WRECKED GREEN LINE COACH WHICH WAS IN COLLISION WITH A LORRY AT BANSTEAD, INVOLVING TWO DEATHS.

A Green Line coach was in collision with a lorry at Banstead, Surrey, on April 7. Two men were killed and fifteen injured. Police tenders were used to assist the ambulances in taking the victims to hospital. Among the injured was Mr. Derek McCulloch, who is, perhaps, better known as "Uncle Mac," of the B.B.C. Children's Hour, who had his left ankle broken and suffered from facial injuries and shock. He subsequently had his foot amputated. (*Graphic Photo Union*.)

THE TANKS: RECRUITS FOR AN ARM WHICH MUCH INTERESTS THE KING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE.



INDOOR GUNNERY ON A MINIATURE RANGE: A ROYAL TANK CORPS RECRUIT IN A "SKELETON" TURRET, WHICH SIMULATES THE MOVEMENT OF A TANK, RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN LAYING A THREE-POUNDER GUN.

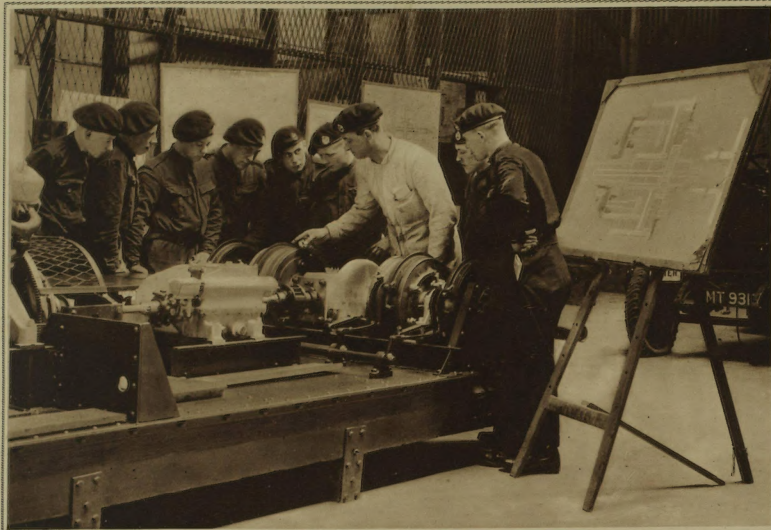
The King and Queen arranged to visit the Aldershot Command on April 12; and the programme fixed included a demonstration attack by troops of the First Division. This operation was intended to give their Majesties the opportunity of seeing how tanks and infantry co-operate in the field and illustrated the important rôle which the Royal Tank Corps will have in the event of war. This photograph and those on the following pages show recruits of the 4th (Army) Battalion, Royal Tank Corps, undergoing training at Pinehurst Camp, South Farnborough. The instruction there is such that at the end of the course each man is capable of undertaking every duty

in a tank—as crew, driver, gunner, or wireless operator. He is also taught the tactics and dispositions employed for Brigade operations when fighting tanks and light tanks are co-operating: these are similar to those used by battleships and destroyers. Above, a recruit is seen receiving training in gunnery at an indoor range. He stations himself in a "skeleton" gun-turret, which is operated mechanically to imitate the erratic motion of a tank travelling over rough ground, and lays his three-pounder gun on the targets indicated. These may be model tanks which move towards him across the sand-table, which represents a miniature stretch of countryside;

[Continued overleaf.]

TRAINING WHOSE RESULTS THE KING HAS WITNESSED: TANK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



Left: EXPLAINING
HOW A TANK WORKS:
AN INSTRUCTOR (IN
WHITE OVERALLS)
POINTING OUT THE
PRINCIPAL PARTS ON
A DEMONSTRATION
ENGINE.

Contd. from preceding page.
they electric lights, which are switched on and off rapidly by the instructor at the switchboard, to simulate enemy gun in action; or the usual rifle-range target, either fixed or moving. A small-bore rifle is mounted on the same axis as the gun and this is discharged in place of it, the accuracy of the layer's aim becoming at once apparent from the strike of the 22-bullet. Another method for improving the recruit's gunnery is to station him in a revolving

Below: DRIVING
INSTRUCTION:
A RECRUIT, AT THE
CONTROLS OF A
FIXED CHASSIS,
BEING SUPERIN-
TENDED BY THE
DEMONSTRATOR
(IN WHITE OVERALLS).



CORPS RECRUITS TAUGHT EVERY DUTY OF A TANK'S CREW.

KEYSTONE.



Above: GUNNERY
INSTRUCTION:
THE RECRUIT, IN A
DUMMY TURRET,
"FIRING" AT
OBJECTS THROWN ON
TO A LANDSCAPE
TARGET BY A
CINEMATOGRAF
PROJECTOR.

dummy turret opposite a landscape target. The instructor is seated on a platform above and projects pictures from a cinematograph film on to the target. The recruit has to train his gun on these pictures and, if it is laid accurately, the "shot" is electrically recorded. Preliminary driving instruction is given on a fixed chassis; and the maintenance of machinery is taught by means of diagrams and demonstration engines. The recruit is also instructed in wireless communication.

Right: THE
INTERIOR OF THE
DUMMY TURRET:
A RECRUIT (LEFT)
LAYING THE GUN;
WHILE ANOTHER
MEMBER OF THE
CREW IS READY
TO RELOAD.



A FRENCH HISTORIAN'S VIEW OF NAZI GERMANY.

"THE THIRD REICH": By HENRI LICHTENBERGER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

PURE literature, lasting over the centuries, is, for the moment, at a discount. Catullus, to-day, might say farewell to his brother and lament for Lesbia's sparrow (those little poems of his have rung true across two thousand years of cruelty and war); Burns might sing that his love was like "a red, red rose"; Heine might, in pure, short-syllabled German, tell a lady that her eyes were blue; and hardly anybody would listen. The whole world is infected by politics, racial and national.

Even now, in any village inn in England, the men are probably talking about the prospects of the forthcoming Australian tour, as they always used to talk. But in the remotest inn there is always a chance that some voice may be raised saying: "Wot about 'Itler and Czechoslovakia?" We have always been, intermittently, a part of Europe; we have kept Sea Power, fought the hegemonies, maintained the Balance of Power, sometimes walking along a precarious razor-edge. But when the War was over and Old Caspar's work was done, we settled back into our daily labours, sports, and pastimes (the Empire being secure under our Fleet's protection), and didn't bother about Europe at all.

To-day, owing to the aeroplane and the submarine, the risk of cut connections and the risk of starving, we have to take an intense interest in Europe, and what is going on there. I think it was Théophile Gautier, who, in the middle of a war, retired to an ivory tower and said: "*Moi, je fais émaux et camées.*" That detachment was hardly public-spirited then; it would not be possible now. The tower would have been bombed. We are all involved. So dreadful is the state into which Europe has got itself, and so vulnerable are we, that we are bound to try to understand our neighbours, and, as a result of understanding, to make such terms with them as will enable us, each under his own fig-tree, to live in peace, without dread of death in the night, and without having to spend half our substance in preparing for attack by another people also spending half its money on preparing for attack.

Survey the Western World. Nobody supposes that Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, the other Baltic States, or Portugal, has the slightest idea of attacking anybody or annexing anything. Even in Spain (where the mutual massacre might cause the Rev. Mr. Malthus to smile) there is no expansionist doctrine; only the old conflict of ideas which turned the Inquisition in Spain into something quite different from the Inquisition elsewhere; doctrinarism to the *n*th degree. No; our difficulties are with the Chosen Peoples; those who at once proclaim that they are starved of territory and, in the same breath, urge their people to multiply. Russia has not yet reached that stage; it has a mystical mission, but still plenty of open spaces.

* "The Third Reich." By Professor Henri Lichtenberger. With a Foreword by Nicholas Murray Butler. (Duckworth; 18s.)

Italy, with its population stifled for lack of room and urged by bribes to breed, has now acquired a vast new territory in Africa, and it remains to be seen (and the Italians are an extremely patient and industrious nation) what she will do with it. There remains Germany: laborious, brave, determined, conscious of superiority as against the rest of the world (and, at the same time, incensed with the rest

Hitler was born (just over the border) in Braunau. "He foresaw the inevitable defection of Italy as well as the treason of the Slav elements in the Austro-Hungarian Empire." So he became more German than the Germans, and as Prussian as the Prussians.

"It seemed to Hitler that the Reich was confronted with the formidable problem of an annual increase in population of 900,000 persons. Malthusianism in

Hitler's eyes was a crime against the race, and there could be no thought, therefore, of restricting this population increase. But how were they to be fed? By home colonisation? By exploiting every parcel of arable land? It would be a way, but it was insufficient. Moreover, it had the disadvantage of favouring pacifism and Germany's falling back on itself, but nature wishes war." World-domination was impossible; so Germany must expand eastwards, taking lands from Russia in order to maintain the multiplying Germans.

If anybody answered: "Why shouldn't those already inhabiting those lands continue to do so?" the answer is: "National Socialism also aims to make of Germany a nation founded on the fact of race. Blood and race are, in its conception, the eternal regenerating sources of the life of a people. The preservation of the purity of blood and national health are absolute postulates for the existence of the German nation and state. Only those who are German by race and those related to them by blood are able to co-operate in the determination of the German destiny and future. We shall deal separately with this doctrine of race and its corollaries—anti-Semitism, sterilisation laws, the encouragement of births, and the Spartan form of education for the moulding of the youth."

It's all so self-centred. Substitute "English" for "German" in this passage and you will realise how ridiculous it all appears in English eyes. "Our good old English Gott" is inconceivable. Hitler hasn't avowedly gone to those lengths yet. "He insists on the fact that he has defended Christianity against the perils of Bolshevism in a more effective way than did the churches and their pastors." But it rather sounds like the good old pre-war stuff.

It's a deadly idea, with the blackthorn and the whitethorn and the pear and the cherry all in bloom, and the primroses and violets in the hedgerows, and Easter coming, when Russian peasants still will furtively greet each other with "Christ is risen." But paganism and barbarism and their attendant cruelties (sometimes inflicted in the name of our Lord) are more rampant in Europe now than they ever have been in our lifetime.

This is a good book, though one wishes it

weren't necessary. It might, I think, have laid more emphasis on the quite definite achievements of the Nazi régime internally; too much of it is devoted to political history with which we are already familiar.

In an appendix there is text and translation of the "Horst-Wessel" song. Nazis say that that man was a hero and martyr; their opponents, that he was a low-down crook. I know not; but it is a feeble song.



THE FÜHRER AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS PRESENT POWER AND POPULARITY: HERR HITLER (STANDING AT THE SALUTE IN HIS CAR) ENTERING SALZBURG, WHOSE GREAT MUSIC FESTIVAL IS NOW TO BE ENTIRELY GERMAN.

Herr Hitler entered Salzburg on April 6 and made there the twelfth election speech of his plebiscite tour. He said that when sitting on his balcony at Berchtesgaden, from which the Austrian city's turreted castle is clearly visible, he had "felt like Moses contemplating the Promised Land." Field-Marshal Göring said in a recent speech there: "We shall give Salzburg back its German character." The Festival is to take place this summer for the first time in its new Nazi guise. In future, it has been remarked, Salzburg is to be the home of Mozart, as Bayreuth is the home of Wagner. (Photograph by Wide World.)



THE FÜHRER IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE NAZI MOVEMENT: A GERMAN PICTURE ENTITLED "IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD," SHOWING HERR HITLER ADDRESSING A NATIONAL SOCIALIST GATHERING.

When illustrating (in our issue of May 1 last) a great military display in Berlin on the occasion of the Führer's forty-eighth birthday, we reproduced this interesting picture by way of comparison. It was then described as "a recent painting showing Herr Hitler addressing a small meeting of a score or so of faithful followers in the early days of the National Socialist movement in Munich. The artist, H. D. Hoyer," we added, "has based it upon his personal experience of these early Nazi activities. He lost an arm in the Great War, and now paints with his left hand."

of the world because it doesn't take the same view), flushed with victory after victory, recently and easily won: what is Germany going to do, and what is in the mind of Herr Hitler?

M. Lichtenberger, who is extremely fair, attempts to explain Herr Hitler's mind.

A vacillating mind, it seems to me; though nobody could deny the unselfishness of this dreamer. Herr

"DOWN THE GARDEN PATH" BENEATH OLYMPIA'S ROOF: WRITERS' CHOICES.



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AGATHA CHRISTIE.



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FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

GARDENS SUCH AS AUTHORS LOVE: SIX OF THOSE TO BE SEEN IN THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION NOW BEING HELD.

Our readers will remember that for a number of years we have illustrated gardens on view at the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition. This year this section is named "Down the Garden Path With Famous Authors." Mr. Beverley Nichols' garden has been effectively carried out in replica. In the background is seen a thatched cottage in the fen country. The statue represents Antinous, the page of the Emperor Hadrian, who was reputed a model of manly beauty. This garden is exhibited by Carters Tested Seeds. Mr. A. E. W. Mason's choice is a carnation garden, with a graceful figure of Mercury above a lily-pool. The garden bearing

Miss Clemence Dane's name is a rock- and water-garden in weathered blue sandstone. Agatha Christie favours a pleasant formal garden of a kind that hints at romance. A flight of Yorkstone steps leads to a bridge spanning a pool, and a colourful arched screen built of old bricks. Francis Brett Young has devised a garden that is classical in spirit and bountiful in colour. The choicest flowering trees and shrubs are here to be seen—magnolias, cherries, lilacs, peaches, laburnums and wistaria. Rafael Sabatini has chosen a garden reminiscent of his home in Herefordshire. There is an old, half-timbered cottage and a cloister of old oak.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF TEETH.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

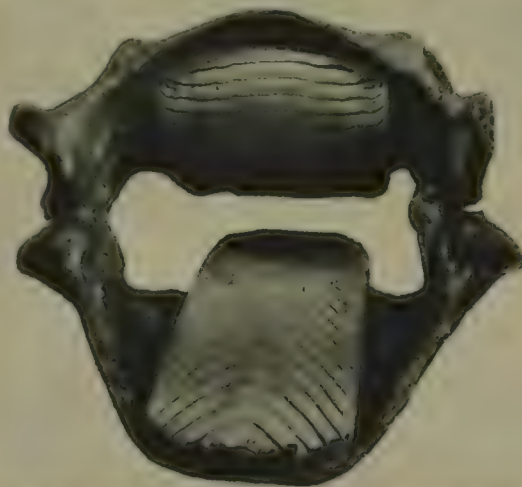
FOR a very long time past I have been trying to get a grip of the bewildering variety in form, size and structure which the teeth of vertebrates present when they come to be carefully compared. What governs the number, size and position of their cusps, when these are present; and why, in some types, is there a constant succession of new teeth, while in others no more than two sets are developed? Any attempt to answer these questions in a single essay could but result in the narration of a host of facts of no possible interest to any of the readers for whom this page is written. But the story, told in broad outlines of how, and where, teeth came into being, is another matter.

The history of their development to-day, and of their development in the past, as revealed by fossils, shows beyond peradventure that the teeth of vertebrates began with the "shagreen-like" skin of members of the shark-tribe, more primitive than any now living. Run a finger gently down the side of a newly-caught dog-fish, from head to tail. It is as smooth as glass. Reverse the direction, however, of the movement of the finger and a very different result will ensue. If persisted in, that finger would soon be bleeding. On examination of the skin with a lens, the explanation immediately becomes apparent, for the body is then seen to be covered with tiny, sharp-pointed spines, and when these come to be further examined, each spine will be found to arise from the centre of a bony base. This bony base, it is to be noted, is formed of the substance known as dentine, as hard as ivory, and its under-surface is pierced by a hole which forms the pulp-cavity, and also affords entrance to a nerve. The surmounting spine is formed of enamel. So much for these "denticles," as they have been aptly called. They cover, as I have said, the whole surface of the body. But when they come to the margin of the mouth they suddenly take on a new character, and a new function, for by the enormous enlargement of the enamel spines they become teeth. And all teeth, whatsoever, from the dog-fish to man himself, have had this origin. In some way, by no means as yet clearly understood, by the stimulus of use, conveyed through the pulp-cavity and its nerve, the various forms of teeth have come into being.

The complexities and subtleties of these responses to use are well illustrated among the shark-tribe itself, though we find puzzling contrasts between what would seem to be precisely similar modes of use. These, however, we can, in part, explain by the fact that the tissues of no two, even closely related forms, respond alike to precisely similar stimuli.

The typical sharks' teeth, it is to be remembered, are merely spikes used for holding prey while it is being swallowed, and not for dismembering the

comb-toothed sharks (*Heptanchus*), the teeth in the upper and lower jaws are strangely different in their form? In the upper jaw they have a large central cusp and several smaller cusps on each side; but in the lower jaw, instead, we find a row of small cusps, each smaller than the one in front, all inclined in the same direction, and mounted on a long, flat, basal plate, producing a saw-like appearance. It has been suggested that teeth with three or more cusps have been formed by the fusion of as many primitive single



1. HAVING TEETH WITH SURPRISING CRUSHING-POWERS IN THE FORM OF A PAVEMENT: THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS OF THE LARGE SPOTTED EAGLE-RAY.

The Large Spotted Eagle-Ray's diet consists of molluscs and especially clams, whose shells are of great thickness, needing not only strong jaws, but teeth of great density to crush them.

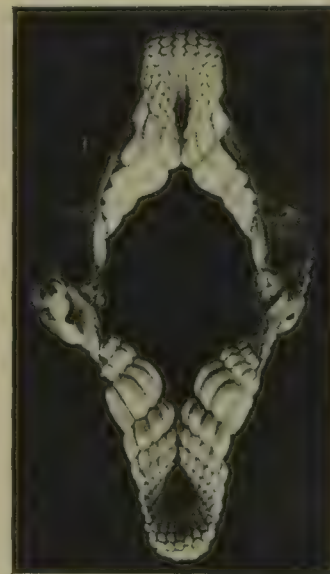
Photograph by E. J. Manly.

teeth. In the great white shark, or "man-eater," the teeth are of great size, triangular in shape and with finely serrated edges. This shark grows to a length of about 30 ft. But taking the size of the teeth as a standard, it is a mere pigmy compared with the teeth of fossil "man-eaters," with teeth six inches in length, such as swarmed in the seas of ancient days, and must have measured at least 90 ft. in length! In the tiger-shark (*Galeocerdo*), we find triangular teeth with serrated edges, in which one side has been as it were pushed in, to give an indented, bi-lobed appearance, and the pointed tip of the tooth has been turned obliquely outward. It is difficult to visualise the agencies which have brought about so strange a transformation.

All the teeth so far mentioned have been used solely as hooks, held to the jaws by

to be crushed before swallowing. The moulding effect on the teeth of this change has been profound, and has produced remarkable results. We find the early stages in this change in the nurse-hound (*Scyllium*) of our seas, which feeds on small fish, but crustacea and shell-fish make up no inconsiderable part of the bill of fare. Here the teeth are small, but slightly pointed and somewhat flattened, and evidently are being used more for crushing and grinding than merely holding prey. In the jaws of the Port Jackson shark (Fig. 2), we find a most marvellously graded series of teeth which have come into being in response to the task of crushing shell-fish. In the front they resemble small cones, further back they give place to two rows of cushion-like nodules, and behind these to smaller and smaller "cushions." The general effect is certainly beautiful. In those enormous "skates," the eagle-rays, we find a pavement of teeth. In the species of the genus *Myliobatis* there is a central band of narrow, elongated plates, flanked on either side by much smaller, but also six-sided, plates. In the large spotted eagle-ray these lateral teeth have disappeared, only the central band remaining (Fig. 1). But why? The food in both genera appears to be the same, consisting almost entirely of oysters and clams. Some of the latter weigh as much as 3 lb. or more, and require an enormous pressure to crush them.

Among the rays — the thornback of our own seas, for example—we meet with a mysterious sexual difference in the teeth, those of the male, in the middle of each jaw, being distinctly pointed (Fig. 3), while those of the female (Fig. 4) are all larger and cushion-shaped. We can scarcely suppose that the food of



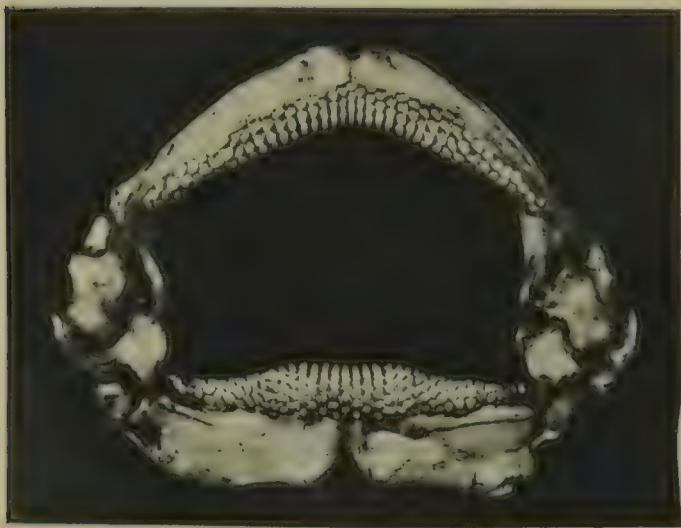
2. THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS OF THE PRIMITIVE PORT JACKSON SHARK: A SPECIES WHEREIN ONLY A FEW FRONT TEETH ARE SPINY; THE REST HAVING BEEN CHANGED INTO "CUSHION-LIKE" NODULES FOR CRUSHING SHELL-FISH.

This shark is of great antiquity and shows a surprising persistence in its structural features. There have been found teeth dating from as far back as the Jurassic and which are scarcely distinguishable from those of to-day.

the two sexes is so different as to have brought about these distinctions. Yet, so far, no explanation has been found, except that perhaps the female has outstripped the male in the speed of evolution of crushing-teeth.

Changes in the form of bones and muscles, leading either to increased size or to atrophy, according to the intensity of the stimuli which have beset them, can readily be demonstrated. But this is by no means so surely indicated in the evolution of teeth. Not a little light, however, is gained through this study of the transformation of dermal ossicles in the

skin into teeth when these ossicles come to be brought over the edge of the jaw. The transforming stimuli appear to be transmitted by the nerve which enters the very centre of the tooth through the pulp-cavity. Exactly how this is brought about is the riddle I am trying to solve. One cannot make a better beginning than with the teeth of the shark-tribe.



3. THE JAWS OF THE MALE THORNBAC RAY, WHICH DIFFER FROM THOSE OF THE FEMALE IN HAVING BLUNT-POINTED TEETH IN THE MIDDLE, BESIDES THE "CUSHION-LIKE" TEETH ON EACH SIDE.

These teeth have lost their long, spike-like form, used for seizing fish, as the diet now consists almost entirely of small shell-fish which have to be crushed before swallowing. In the female all the teeth are "cushion-shaped" and larger. There are some other Rays wherein the teeth of the two sexes differ more widely.



4. FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 3: THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS OF THE FEMALE THORNBAC RAY; SHOWING THE STRIKING DIFFERENCE WHICH OBTAINS BETWEEN THE TWO SEXES IN REGARD TO THEIR TEETH.

victim. Invariably they are arranged in several rows, one behind the other. And as those in the front row grow worn and blunted, they drop off—for they are not set in sockets—and their places are taken by the row next behind. In some, two smaller cusps are developed, one on each side of the main cusp. How shall we account for the fact that in the primitive

elastic fibres, so that in swallowing prey the teeth are pressed down and point towards the throat, but once started on its journey there can be no return, for the points of the teeth would effectively prevent this. Some members of this tribe, however, gradually changed their diet, and began gleaning their food from the bottom, choosing, for the most part, "shell-fish," which had

A RIDICULOUS ATTITUDE AS EFFECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE : THE LITTLE BITTERN'S "INVISIBILITY" AND NESTING - HABITS.



ASSUMING A POSTURE SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE GIANT NIGHTJAR OF TRINIDAD :
A LITTLE BITTERN STANDING ERECT WHEN ALARMED.



CLEANLINESS IN THE NEST : A LITTLE BITTERN (*ARDELLA MINUTA*) REMOVING
THE PIECES OF SHELL AFTER THE YOUNG HAVE HATCHED OUT.

The Little Bittern (*Ardella minuta*), whose breeding season commences in March and April, is of interest not only because it is in some respects a connecting-link between the night-herons and the true bitterns, but because of the peculiar attitude it assumes when alarmed. This is similar to the stiff and upright perching position of the giant nightjar of Trinidad (*Nyctibius griseus*), photographs of which were published in our issue of March 13 last year. In the open this



ALMOST INVISIBLE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF REED-STEMS : A LITTLE BITTERN ;
ITS PROTECTIVE COLORATION AND PECULIAR ATTITUDE PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE.



INSTINCTIVE OR LEARNT FROM ITS PARENTS ? A FLEDGLING PLACING ITSELF IN THE
PECULIAR STIFF AND ERECT "ALARM" POSITION ON SEEING THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

attitude merely looks ridiculous, but when the bird is seen among reed-stems its value is immediately apparent : the Little Bittern loses its familiar form and can easily be mistaken for a tree-stump, while its protective coloration of tawny buff streaked with black blends with the background. As a last resource, the bird will attack an aggressor with its sharp beak, which can inflict nasty gashes on an incautious hand. This species ranges over Southern Europe.

MYSTERIOUS STATUES FOUND IN A BORNEO CAVE: RELICS OF HINDUISM.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY THEODOR FEIGE. (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

RIGHT in the heart of Borneo, in a region which has only been explored along the length of a river, have been found traces of ancient Hindu religion which originated hundreds of years ago in this territory and had to give way before the onslaught of Islam. The actual spot on which the Hindu sanctuary and temple stood have not yet been discovered, but it is supposed to have been in the vicinity of the Pantan River. Many years ago a European heard from some Dyaks that on a mountain in the midst of a wilderness away from every human habitation there was a cave containing human figures in stone. According to a legend, visitors to this cave were turned to stone by evil spirits. This information led to the discovery of a set of Hindu figures which had been hidden here by the priests when they fled before Islam. It seemed that a fresh visit to the cave might afford an opportunity of taking a novel set of photographs. Such an expedition would occupy several weeks. From Samarinda (East Borneo) one travels by motor-boat through the primeval forest up the stream. As soon as



1. REGARDED BY SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES AS VISITORS TURNED TO STONE BY EVIL SPIRITS: THE GROUP OF FIGURES AS SEEN FROM THE FIRST CAVE, IN THE PLACE WHERE THEY WERE PROBABLY HIDDEN HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO.

Very troublesome are the leeches—large and small. The cave is situated on a steep limestone cliff about 225 metres (some 740 ft.) high. With the aid of the Dyaks the ascent is soon made and one comes first to a small entrance. Stepping over a steep wall, one reaches the first grotto (Fig. 2). The rocks are covered with green moss and the floor is strewn with the droppings of bats. This floor is dry at the higher levels (like peat) and in the deeper spots it has been formed by the dripping water into a thick clay which makes progress very difficult. On the walls and roofs there are hundreds of bats. From this first cave can be seen the Hindu figures in the semi-darkness (Fig. 1). The Dyaks fear the wrath of the evil spirits and will not touch the stone figures, so that one must do all the work oneself. We replaced some of the sacred figures which had toppled over, and then cleaned

them all thoroughly with water and brushes before photographing them. Fig. 3 shows the whole group, including one animal figure (seen also in Fig. 4). Some of the figures have been damaged. Six of them represent the following divinities: Figs. 7. Guru;



2. AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SERIES OF CAVES, ON A PRECIPITOUS LIMESTONE CLIFF SOME 740 FT. HIGH IN THE HEART OF BORNEO: TWO DYAK GUIDES AND ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE EXPLORING PARTY.



3. BELIEVED TO BE RELICS FROM AN ANCIENT HINDU TEMPLE WHICH WERE HIDDEN HERE AGES AGO BY PRIESTS DRIVEN OUT ON THE ADVENT OF ISLAM: THE WHOLE GROUP OF STATUARY FOUND IN THE CAVE.

the river becomes shallow and stony the journey must be continued by dug-out canoe. In the parts which are deep enough, an outboard motor can be used. Currents and floating tree-branches make the journey fairly dangerous, the more so as these streams are rich in fish life and consequently are infested with crocodiles. After this journey by water one has to walk the remaining distance. Before traversing the primeval forest, carriers and leaders are assembled from among Dyaks who know the way. During the march of many hours one comes across ourang-outangs' nests constructed among the branches of high trees. The animals are rarely to be seen themselves and hunting them is strictly prohibited. Three rivers have to be crossed one after the other. Owing to the lack of bridges, branches are tied together to make a temporary bridge, or else one wades breast-deep in the quickly-flowing water supported against it by log staves. One dares not think of the crocodiles lurking in every stream. For camping at night the Dyaks erect a roof of leaves and beds supported by poles. A thick mosquito-net is essential, as otherwise the flying insects would give one no sleep.

8. Ganesa; 10. Amitabha in Sambhogakaya; 11. Kartikeya; 12. Mahokala; 13. Jata-makuta Lokeewava. The subjects of Figs. 5, 6, and 9 are unknown. Besides these we found a stone plaque (seen in Fig. 4, right foreground), a head with four faces, and

several small fragments of one or more further figures. In addition we found many carved stones which had probably formed once upon a time a circular or semi-circular altar. It took a considerable time to explore the further caves and grottoes, the longest of which measured 550 metres (601 yards) with the great height of about 80 metres (262 ft.). In some places there are stalactites. The air is bad, which is not to be wondered at considering the presence of some 10,000 bats. These animals hang head downwards from the rocks. They flew hither and thither, greatly alarmed by the lights of our strong lamps, and were an easy prey to the Dyaks. Roast bat they consider a great delicacy. Snakes were rarely seen, as they fled from the light. After an interesting march back and exciting passage of the river, with intervals for hunting crocodile and wild pig, we returned safely to civilisation.



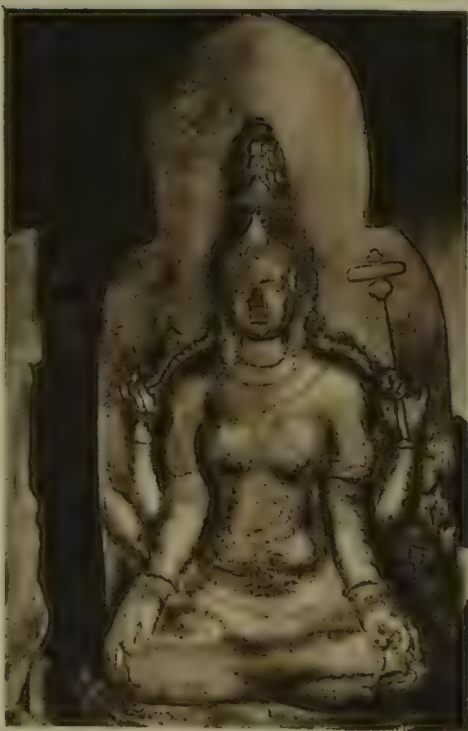
4. UNIQUE AMONG THE HINDU SCULPTURES DISCOVERED IN THE CAVE: THE ONLY ANIMAL FIGURE IN THE GROUP (SEEN ALSO IN THE RIGHT-HAND ILLUSTRATION ABOVE—FIG. 3); WITH A STONE PLAQUE (ON THE RIGHT).

SACRED IMAGES HIDDEN BY HINDU PRIESTS WHEN ISLAM BECAME DOMINANT IN BORNEO?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THEODOR FEIGE. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



5. ONE OF THE HINDU IMAGES FOUND IN A CAVE IN A REMOTE PART OF BORNEO: AN UNKNOWN DIVINITY.



6. DOUBLE-ARMED (LIKE FIG. 5) AND HOLDING CURIOUS SYMBOLS: ANOTHER HINDU IMAGE UNIDENTIFIED.



7. IDENTIFIED AS REPRESENTING GURU: A HEADLESS STANDING FIGURE AMONG THE HINDU IMAGES.



8. GANESA, THE ELEPHANT-GOD: A FIGURE IN THE BORNEO CAVE GROUP EASILY RECOGNISABLE.



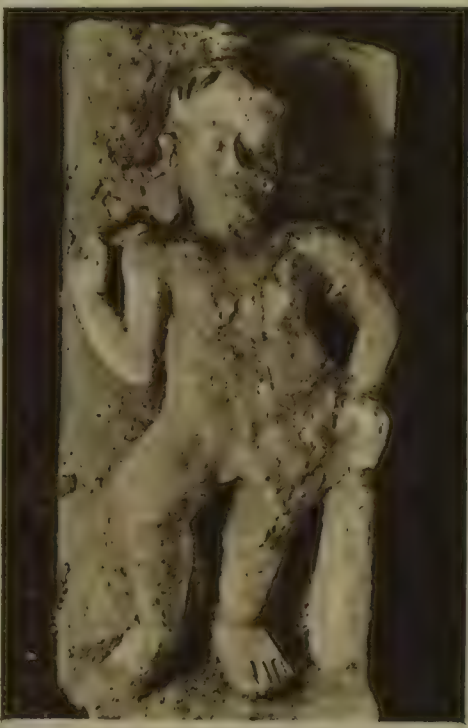
9. ONE OF THE FIGURES FOUND IN A DAMAGED STATE: AN UNIDENTIFIED DIVINITY.



10. REGARDED AS A REPRESENTATION OF AMITABHA IN SAMBHOGAKAYA: A HINDU IMAGE FROM BORNEO.



11. BELIEVED TO REPRESENT A DIVINITY NAMED KARTIKEYA: ONE OF THE BORNEO CAVE-IMAGES.



12. IDENTIFIED AS MAHOKALA: A CURIOUS FIGURE, DWARF-LIKE AND APPARENTLY SMILING.



13. SAID TO REPRESENT JATAMAKUTA LOKECWAVA: A HEADLESS FIGURE FROM THE BORNEO CAVE.

THE above photographs illustrate nine of the ancient Hindu sacred images, which, as described by Herr Theodor Feige in his article on the opposite page, were [Continued opposite.

found by him in a cave in a remote part of Borneo. He believes they were hidden there by Hindu priests, hundreds of years ago, when their own religion was supplanted by Islam.

THE CELEBRATION OF SPRING AND EASTER-TIDE IN PERPLEXED

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: EGGS ON BUSHES; RITES IN FIELD AND CHURCH.



BRINGING IN THE SPRING IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: THE MORENA FIGURE, A RELIC OF THE OLD SLAVONIC GODDESS OF WINTER, IS TAKEN OUT OF THE VILLAGE IN ORDER TO LET THE SPRING IN.



TAKING "WINTER" INTO THE FIELDS IN ORDER TO LET SPRING INTO THE VILLAGE: A SPRING-TIME CUSTOM STILL OBSERVED IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PARTS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA.



EASTER EGGS IN THE SOUTHERN SLOVAK DISTRICTS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA: GIRLS AND CHILDREN—WEARING THEIR BEST CLOTHES—GOING THROUGH THE FIELDS AND SINGING IN A VILLAGE STREET, BEARING BUSHES WITH EGGS AND PAPER DECORATIONS TIED TO THEM.

The pagan Anglo-Saxon Goddess of Spring still lives in the twentieth century in the word "Easter"; and survivals of pagan spring festivals are to be found all over Europe. In out-of-the-way districts of Catholic Czechoslovakia—a small country which, nowadays, has many perplexities—the old Slavonic Goddess of Winter, Morena, or Morana, makes her appearance in the shape of an elaborate dummy, carried out into the fields by village girls in order to "let spring into the village." In other days, the giving of Easter eggs was almost universal in Europe, and was religiously observed in Slavonic countries more particularly. In pre-war Russia Easter eggs were

objects of elaborate workmanship. Yet no completely satisfactory explanation of the origin of the custom has ever been put forward. Setting aside fantastic suggestions, such as that the eggs commemorate the red egg which was laid on the birthday of the Emperor Alexander Severus by a hen belonging to his parents, it is, perhaps, safe to say that Easter eggs represent a natural (and, possibly, pre-Christian) symbolism of the Resurrection, in the chick breaking its way out of the egg. In former times in Poland Easter Eggs provided a useful way of disposing of the huge number of eggs held in reserve throughout Lent.



CZECHOSLOVAK PEASANTS TURN FROM THE CARES OF EVERYDAY LIFE TO CELEBRATE EASTER: WOMEN WEARING BEAUTIFUL HEAD-DRESSES AND ELABORATELY MADE COSTUMES IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH, WITH BAREHEADED GIRLS; AND MEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RUSSIAN

politics present a strange enigma to the average Briton, who, in reading newspaper accounts of those extraordinary treason trials and executions, finds it difficult to understand what is the real dividing-line between the Stalinists and the Trotskyists. The clearest concise exposition I have seen is contained in "THE STORY OF 'ST25'": Adventure and Romance in the Secret Intelligence Service in Red Russia. By Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E. With eight Half-Tone Plates and three Maps by the author (Cassell; 15s.). This is a book of outstanding distinction and compelling interest from two points of view. In the first place, as a tale of personal experience in what the author calls "the silentest of services," it has all the thrills of the most exciting fiction—secret orders, disguises, code messages, adventurous journeys, daring ruses, constant perils and narrow escapes—with the added virtue that, in Gilbertian phrase, "it all took place exactly as he says." In this respect the book ranks with the very best of its kind; it is absorbing from start to finish. "ST25" was the cipher by which the author was known in the Secret Service.

Secondly, as already indicated, Sir Paul's book forms a valuable commentary on the Russian Revolution, both in its earlier stages, as he saw them from within, and in its subsequent developments, besides giving a dramatic picture of Russian life and character during the period of upheaval. The author's personal story begins in December 1918 and ends in the autumn of 1919, after 2½ years of the Revolution. To the reader desiring to understand Russia's present position and influence in international affairs, perhaps the most interesting section of the book is the epilogue—a brief but illuminating sketch of post-Lenin history. It begins with Trotsky's victory over the "White" invaders followed by his failure to conquer Poland. "By the end of 1920," we read, "the land was in an uproar against Bolshevism. Having got rid of the landlord menace, the peasantry did not see why they should submit to the Communist one. Widespread insurrection culminated in the famous mutiny of the Communist garrison at Kronstadt against the Soviet régime. . . . The 'writing on the wall' was all too plain. Within a week Lenin announced the drastic innovation known as the New Economic Policy, colloquially referred to as the 'Nep,' which constituted the virtual abandonment of Communism." Elsewhere Sir Paul declares: "If Lenin was great, it was for that, rather than for November, 1917."

It was the "Nep," apparently, that began the cleavage which has since caused so many spectacular trials and drastic "purges," and here we find the key to our puzzle. "The years following upon its introduction were dominated by the struggle between the Left and Right, between theoretical Marxism on the one hand . . . and on the other hand the process of normal economic evolution on a basis of capitalism dressed in forms suited to the needs of the country. In the long and bitter struggle reason again emerged triumphant. Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and others who had formed the very forefront of the Revolution in 1917-18 and had been its principal exponents, were expelled from the Communist Party and banished from 'Red' Russia. The realist Stalin, who had been a secondary figure until Lenin's death, reigned supreme. The process of the Revolution in its original sense was further curbed; the policy of compromise with bourgeois nations proceeded with renewed vigour."

During the years 1934-6 culminated various movements towards a return to normal conditions. Lenin's educational policy, designed to set children against their parents and teachers and to undermine family life, was rescinded by Stalin, and persecution of religion diminished. "At the same time," we read, "the whole constitution of the Soviet came under revision. . . . Up to the time of Lenin's death bourgeois and capitalist systems were anathematised *en bloc*. Behold now the Soviet officially taking from them its cue. The product was the new constitution adopted in 1937, the avowed principles of which are no longer dictatorial but democratic. The principle of the dictatorship of the proletariat was abolished and supplanted

by a two-chamber parliamentary system. The word 'Communist' ceased to appear. Russia is to be governed by a Council of the Union of Soviet Republics and by a Council of Nationalities."

"In foreign policy," Sir Paul points out, "things no less extraordinary took place. To Lenin, the League of Nations, of all institutions devised by the degenerate bourgeois despots, was the most despicable. The very idea of it represented to him the quintessence of capitalist and imperialist intrigue. In one of his last speeches he branded it as 'a band of robbers and an association of bandits.' This did not deter Stalin from joining it in September, 1934, while his manifest desire for *rapprochement* with Great Britain can only be duly appreciated

throughout the world.

by fomenting strikes in foreign countries, inciting their armed forces to sedition, and organising subversive propaganda. "It may well be," Sir Paul writes, "that the Soviet Government would now willingly disown the Comintern, but to suppress this monster of their own creation may not prove easy. For . . . the Comintern . . . is an international organ, the heart and inspirational centre of the lawless and seditious elements of over a hundred countries of the world. . . . All the time the festivities of amity with Great Britain and France were going on, the world-revolutionary delegates of about a hundred countries were kept carefully hidden away in the self-same city of Moscow until a less inconvenient season should arrive for the Comintern to proclaim its devotion to world-wide revolution. . . . Two months later, in July, 1935, the Comintern delegates were permitted to issue from their hiding places . . . and say their noisy say, the first speech being delivered by none other than Stalin himself. There is no doubt that by this act Stalin lost much of the prestige he had acquired in international affairs."

Such proceedings are certainly difficult to reconcile with any claim to a non-interference policy towards other nations. Sir Paul Dukes, however, seeks to minimise their significance, and takes a roseate view of Russia's future. "Despite this tangle of fundamental incongruities," he says, "certain facts emerge from the situation in Russia which give ground for hope for the future. . . . That *les révolutionnaires d'aujourd'hui sont les bourgeois de demain* is a commonplace of revolutionary records. . . . In the windows of the Communist Inn there hangs a significant sign: 'Under entirely new management.' . . . Russia may still be a barbarous place to live in; there is much that appears to us childish, grotesque, often revolting; the brutality of the mass executions and the foolish mischief of the Comintern inevitably shock the most elementary sense of decency. And yet, in spite of it all, by comparison with the early days of Bolshevism there is no doubt whatever that the country is nationally convalescent. A new spirit pervades its youth. . . . Communism has now become so diluted with commonsense as to be totally unrecognisable, while the stage, the theatre, art as a whole, show promise eventually of raising higher and higher the torch that was lighted a hundred years ago. . . . Will Russia, with that capacity for extremes which characterises her, emerging from the abyss, cleansed of the putrefaction alike of degenerate Tsarism and soulless Marxism, eventually rise to the topmost heights? I believe she will."

Another interesting story of personal experiences in revolutionary Russia—this time not those of a foreigner but of a native—is told in "ONCE A COMMISSAR." By Vladimir Koudrey (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). This is a vivid tale of actual happenings by a young man apparently without any strong political convictions, who found himself caught in the maelstrom of events in a world where even families spied on each other and executions were everyday occurrences. Naturally, it was a life of danger and vicissitudes. "He invaded White territory," we read, "with an armoured train and a handful of men; he was rescued from death at the hands of a Red colonel by a little outcast whose loyalty he had won; at one point he was a commissar with the rank of brigadier-general, and at the next wandering the streets of Moscow, hungry and in rags."

There is political interest in the book, however, owing to the fact that the author's mother, after divorce from his father, had become the wife of M. Krassin, who figures in the story as "Uncle Leonid." At one time M. Koudrey was working for him in London, where "the freedom of individual behaviour," he says, "made me feel as if I were in some Utopia." He became editor of the Arcos bulletin. "Krassin's task," he writes, "was tremendous. His diplomatic skill, the clarity of his thinking, and his determination to establish a working business relationship between London and Moscow were remarkable. Moscow, gambling on a world revolution and the disruption of the capitalistic world, did not want to find compromises, and was pressing Krassin to present ultimata

(Continued on page 688.)



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A PORCELAIN GROUP OF THE CRUCIFIXION—MODELLED BY JOHAN PETER MELCHIOR.

This porcelain group was made at Höchst-on-Main, Germany, about 1774, from a model by Johan Peter Melchior (1742-1825), prepared for Friedrich Karl Joseph von Erthal, Elector of Mainz, patron of the factory. It was intended as a gift to the Empress Maria Theresa. Melchior was a devout adherent of the Neo-Classical movement, largely inspired by the Græco-Roman models then in fashion and extolled by Winckelmann. In porcelain, the movement led to disuse of painting on figures in favour of unglazed "biscuit," to rival the bare simplicity of antique white marble statues. In this finely composed group (showing exceptionally careful finish, no doubt by the modeller himself) Melchior has not altogether abandoned the violent pathos of the Baroque. The principal figures are portrayed with dramatic force and a solemnity not unworthy of the subject. It is chiefly in the weeping child-angels that we detect the note of sentiment so characteristic of the artist and his period.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

when it is recalled that under the triumvirate—Lenin-Trotsky-Zinoviev—the British Empire was the main target of Bolshevik attack. . . . In March 1935, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs was invited to Moscow. He was given a regal reception, and at the banquet in his honour a toast was proposed by the Soviet Foreign Minister to his Majesty King George V.—a strange event in the 'citadel of the world revolution.'"

Next, the author discusses the most disturbing factor in the Soviet polity, inconsistent with its conciliatory trend—that is, the continuance of the Comintern, or Third International, founded by Zinoviev in 1919 to spread Bolshevism



ROYAL SISTERS DESTINED TO BE QUEENS OF ENGLAND: "PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCESS ANNE, THE DAUGHTERS OF JAMES II., WITH A PET GOAT"—A LITTLE-KNOWN PAINTING BY NICOLAUS MAES (1632—1693) OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.

THIS charming portrait group of seventeenth-century royal children, at ages roughly equivalent to those of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret to-day, shows that, like our present King's daughters, they were fond of animal pets. These little girls were the daughters of James, Duke of York (afterwards King James II.), by his first wife, Anne Hyde, daughter of the first Earl of Clarendon. Princess Mary was born at St. James's Palace on April 30, 1662. By the death of her younger brother, Edgar, in 1671, she became Heir Presumptive to the Crown. On November 4, 1677, she married William of Orange (afterwards King William III.). William and Mary were together proclaimed King and Queen of England (later also of Scotland) and were crowned, as joint-Sovereigns, on April 11, 1689. Mary II. was modest and retiring, pious and charitable. She died at Kensington Palace, from smallpox, in 1694, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Her younger sister, Anne, was born in London on February 6, 1665. As a child, Anne lived for a time in France with her grandmother, Henrietta Maria, and later with her aunt, the Duchess of Orleans. She returned to England in 1670. In 1683 she married Prince George of Denmark. After Mary's death Anne was established at St. James's Palace, and on King William's death, in 1702, she became Queen. She died at Kensington in 1714. Regarding the history of the above picture, Captain Naper writes: "It has been in my family for three generations, but exactly when it was acquired is not known, as many records were destroyed when Loughcrew was burnt down in 1887. Ancestors of my family held office at the Court of Charles II. The description of the picture was handed down to me by my father." The artist, Nicolaus Maes, a famous Dutch painter of historical subjects, *genre*, and portraits, was born at Dordrecht in 1632 and died in 1693 at Amsterdam. As a young man he was for some five years a pupil of Rembrandt, who strongly influenced his work in portraiture. Between 1660 and 1665 he was at Antwerp, where he came under the influence of Jordaens. Among his numerous portraits are those of George I. and Sophie Charlotte, wife of Frederick of Prussia, which are now at Hanover. There are several examples of his work in the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection.



THE OLD-NEW SYNAGOGUE IN PRAGUE, HOME OF THE GOLEM.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF XIIITH-CENTURY ARCHITECTURE WHOSE INTERIOR IS PROOF OF THE HIGH STANDARD ATTAINED BY THE BUILDER AND STONEMASON IN MEDIÆVAL BOHEMIA.

This Synagogue in Prague is a fine specimen of architecture, dating from the beginning of the second half of the thirteenth century, although its front portion and gateway, decorated with a Jewish hat in the centre of the shield of King David, is much older, and, perhaps, goes back as far as the ninth century. Unfortunately, the Synagogue has forfeited much of its picturesqueness through the complete change of the buildings in its vicinity due to the clearance of all this quarter of the city and the disappearance of the ghetto. This ancient House of God could evoke its proper effect only amid a setting which has now disappeared; the setting from which and for which it grew. The architectural adornment of the interior provides a very interesting proof of the high standard of the art of the builder and the stonemason in Bohemia during the Middle Ages. In the ante-chamber of the temple on the southern side there are two treasure-chests attached to the wall, and in them were placed treasures, books and silver ornaments of the Thora. The entry from the ante-chamber to the actual place of worship is adorned with a gateway which is a fine example of Gothic work, and there is also an ornament of

fine leaves. The details of the corbels and buttress-pins, as well as the sacred spot with its two naves, are also highly interesting. The huge, vaulted ceiling is supported by two octagonal pillars. A leaf-pattern serves as a scheme of decoration and it is noteworthy that only leaves indigenous to Bohemia were used for this purpose. On the foremost pillar there is fastened by chains a huge banner, to whose heavy pole are attached six smaller handles. The Jews of Prague received the first banner from King Charles IV. in 1357 and it was often carried in solemn procession. The Synagogue is illuminated by numerous candlesticks of the most various shapes and forms. These are gifts of the various Jewish communities during the Middle Ages. The inscriptions above the windows indicate, in Hebrew letters, the years 1381 (the year when the Synagogue was built) and 1618 (the year when it was rebuilt). The history of this impressive place of worship is associated with countless Jewish legends of Prague, the best known of which is, perhaps, that of the Golem, the figure made by the Rabbi Löw from the four elements, which was brought to life as a saviour of the Jews only to be all-destroying. (Jaroslav Polak-Rokycana.)

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY OKTÁV KOUTSKÝ.

THE GERMAN PLEBISCITE: VOTERS FROM BRITAIN POLL ON BOARD SHIP.



BEFLAGGED AND BEARING A SPIRAL SWASTIKA ON HER FUNNEL: THE GERMAN LINER "WILHELM GUSTLOFF," CARRYING ABOUT 2000 GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN VOTERS RESIDENT IN BRITAIN, LEAVING TILBURY—AN AIR VIEW. (Central Press.)



DANCING ON DECK TO THE STRAINS OF AN ACCORDION: REJOICINGS AMONG THE CROWD OF VOTERS ON BOARD THE "STRENGTH THROUGH JOY" SHIP, "WILHELM GUSTLOFF," ON HER WAY DOWN THE THAMES. (Planet News.)



THE EXAMINATION OF PASSPORTS: OFFICIAL FORMALITIES ON BOARD THE "WILHELM GUSTLOFF," IN WHICH THE PLEBISCITE VOTING WAS CONDUCTED AT SEA BEYOND THE LIMITS OF BRITISH TERRITORIAL WATERS. (G.P.U.)



A VOTER RECEIVING HER PAPERS FROM A PLEBISCITE OFFICIAL ON BOARD THE "WILHELM GUSTLOFF": A TYPICAL INCIDENT BEFORE THE POLL, IN WHICH WOMEN VOTERS WERE IN A LARGE MAJORITY. (G.P.U.)



THE GERMAN PLEBISCITE VOTE IN THE "WILHELM GUSTLOFF," AT SEA OUTSIDE THE THREE-MILE LIMIT: VOTERS DROPPING THEIR PAPERS INTO A BALLOT-BOX IN THE SHIP'S GYMNASIUM, ARRANGED AS A POLLING-STATION. (G.P.U.)



COUNTING THE VOTES RECORDED ON BOARD THE "WILHELM GUSTLOFF," WHICH NUMBERED 1980 AND SHOWED A PERCENTAGE OF 99.4 IN FAVOUR OF HERR HITLER: A TASK THAT TOOK AN HOUR AND A HALF. (G.P.U.)

The "Greater Reich" Plebiscite on the annexation of Austria, held throughout Germany and Austria on Sunday, April 10, resulted in a sweeping victory for Herr Hitler. Out of an electorate of 49,546,950 the total votes cast were 49,326,791, of which 98.08 per cent. were in his favour. The final figures were—For, 48,799,269; Against, 452,180; Spoiled papers, 75,342. The above photographs illustrate only that section of the Plebiscite specially arranged for voters resident in Britain, and held on board the 24,000-ton German liner "Wilhelm Gustloff," of Hamburg. She carried nearly 2000 Germans and Austrians, mainly from

London, but some from the provinces and as far north as Edinburgh and Glasgow. Women outnumbered men by about three to one, most of the Austrian voters being domestic servants. The company on board had an enjoyable trip, with dancing and processions on deck, down the Thames from Tilbury to a point outside the 3-mile limit of British territorial waters, where the poll took place. The voting occupied 3 hours, and gave a percentage of 99.4 in favour of Herr Hitler. The result was greeted with loud cheers. At the end of the cruise the ship's band played "God Save the King" and the German National Anthem.



A LLAMA AT WHIPSNADE OBJECTS TO BEING VACUUM-CLEANED: A SPIRITED PROTEST AGAINST BEING TREATED LIKE A CARPET!

A demonstration of grooming animals with a vacuum-cleaner was given recently at Whipsnade. The subjects chosen for this treatment were a llama and a camel, as it was thought that they were the most suitable representatives of the shaggy-coated animals. The camel enjoyed the experience, particularly the shampooing, but the llama protested vigorously. (*Planet News.*)



A ROYAL SOUVENIR THAT QUEEN MARY SPECIALLY ASKED TO SEE IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES: REGALIA WORN BY THE DUKE OF WINDSOR AT HIS INVESTITURE AS PRINCE OF WALES.

Right: ALTERATIONS TO THE ROYAL STAND IN PREPARATION FOR THE ASCOT MEETING: THE STRIKING FAÇADE OF PORTLAND STONE AND THE CANOPY.

In preparation for the Ascot Meeting, the royal stand is being extensively altered. It will have a striking façade of Portland stone, semi-circular in shape, with wings, replacing the old balcony; and will be sheltered by a magnificent copper canopy. (*Central Press.*)

Left: When Queen Mary visited the National Museum of Wales, at Cardiff, on April 6, she asked specially to see these Regalia, which had been omitted from the programme. The Duke of Windsor wore them when he was invested as Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle on July 13, 1911, and afterwards deposited them in the Museum. Her Majesty remarked on their good preservation, and then looked at the Prince's portrait at the back of the case. Photograph, National Museum of Wales.

PICTORIAL COMMENTS ON RECENT OCCASIONS: NOTABLE HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



ENGLAND V. SCOTLAND: SCOTTISH "FANS" AT THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, A NEVER-FAILING ATTRACTION TO LONDON'S VISITORS.

The International Association Football match between England and Scotland at Wembley on April 9 was watched by a crowd of 93,000 people. Judging by the pleasure given by England's defeat by one goal to nothing, an unusually large proportion of the spectators had come South with their team—an impression borne out by the parties of bonnet-wearing sightseers who watched the Changing of the Guard at St. James's Palace. (*Associated Press.*)



TUNIS DISTURBANCES FOLLOWED BY MARTIAL LAW AFTER A RIOT IN WHICH TEN PERSONS WERE KILLED: DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE "WIRED" AND GUARDED FRENCH RESIDENCY.

On April 9, crowds gathered outside the Palais de Justice in Tunis, where a Dissident Nationalist leader was before a magistrate, threw stones, dragged people from cars, and burnt a tram. The police fired over the crowd's heads. Zouaves with machine-guns then arrived, were attacked by rioters with revolvers, and retaliated. One French gendarme was killed and 10 Zouaves were wounded, while 8 or 9 rioters were killed and 40 injured. The Bey declared martial law. (*Wide World.*)



THE RAILWAY SMASH AT RUTHERGLEN, NEAR GLASGOW, WHICH RESULTED IN A NUMBER OF INJURIES: A DERAILED BOGEY WITH A BROKEN AXLE, WHICH, IT HAS BEEN ARGUED, MAY HAVE CAUSED THE ACCIDENT.

Nineteen people were injured in the railway accident at Rutherglen, near Glasgow, one of them subsequently dying. Two coaches became derailed when a train was entering Rutherglen station. One was thrown on its side, and the other smashed against the station platform. Another coach was left-leaning against the platform when the train stopped. The giving-way of the axle of one of the coaches has been suggested as a possible cause of the accident. (*Planet.*)

TOPICALITIES: AIR VIEWS OF ROYAL AND GENERAL PUBLIC INTEREST.



A FAVOURED WEEK-END RESIDENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR—WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S WELSH COTTAGE, AND THE NEW SWIMMING-POOL FOR HER AND HER SISTER UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

Though the Court is at Windsor Castle for Easter, it is at Royal Lodge, Windsor, that the King and Queen have chosen to spend many recent week-ends. The residence was given to their Majesties by King George V. in 1931, when they were Duke and Duchess of York. Since then

it has been to them a happy country home, where the little Princesses find an ideal playground. A path leads to Princess Elizabeth's Welsh cottage, presented to her by the people of Wales. Near this, a swimming-pool is now being built for Princess Elizabeth and her sister. (Fox.)



A DISASTROUS WEEK-END AT HINDHEAD: BIG FIRES BURNING IN THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL, WHERE VERY EXTENSIVE DAMAGE WAS DONE.

Large areas were devastated by fire in the Devil's Punch Bowl, at Hindhead, on Sunday, April 10. The main London to Portsmouth road round the edge of the bowl was lined with motor-cars, and thousands of people watched the fire, which, in places, appeared most spectacular. Soon after the fire began, a number of foxes living in the Punch Bowl were seen to run for cover. Severe

fires on Bramshott Common and Witley Common broke out at the same time, causing extensive damage. It is scarcely necessary to point the moral of these fires, the damage that a single piece of carelessness by picnic parties or other visitors can do, particularly after prolonged spells of dry weather. (Graphic Photo Union.)

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM, CLOSED BEFORE EASTER: SIGNS OF COLLAPSE IN THE HALLOWED FABRIC.

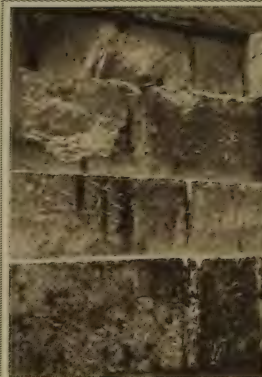
PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING STRUCTURAL DEFECTS REPRODUCED, WITH OFFICIAL PERMISSION, FROM "CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM: STRUCTURAL SURVEY REPORT"; BY WILLIAM HARVEY (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS).



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM; ENDANGERED: A CRACK IN THE TRANSVERSE WALL OF THE ARMENIAN GALLERY THAT HAD DEVELOPED SOME YEARS AGO.



TYPICAL OF THE BAD STATE OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: A FRACTURE OBSERVED IN AN ATTACHED PIER BETWEEN THE MAIN DOORS BY MR. W. HARVEY, DURING HIS EXAMINATION IN 1933.



THE EFFECTS ON THE CHURCH OF AN EARTHQUAKE ANIN TO THAT OF OCTOBER LAST: FRACTURES THAT OCCURRED WHERE IRON CRAMPS HAD RUSTED IN THE ROTUNDA PIERS.



DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS IN THE UPPER PART OF THE STRUCTURE: PIERS WITH CRACKED BASES IN THE UPPER ARCADE, AS THEY WERE IN 1933.



THE EXTREMELY POOR CONDITIONS OF THE NORTH TRANSEPT WALLS IN 1933; WITH MANY JOINTS DENUDED OF MORTAR, AND CRACKED MASONRY.



CRACKS IN THE ROTUNDA IN 1933, THIS BEING NOW A DANGER SPOT: A FRACTURED PIER AT THE WEST END.



EASTER AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE CHURCH, WHERE SERVICES MAY NOW ONLY BE HELD AT THE PARTICIPANTS' OWN RISK: THE CROWD AT THE ENTRANCE. (G.P.A.)



IN THE ROTUNDA: THE PIERS, SOME OF WHICH HAVE BEEN PRONOUNCED UNSAFE BY MR. HARVEY.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: THE GREAT DOME OF THE ROTUNDA (CENTRE); WITH (TO THE RIGHT OF IT) THE KATHOLIKON DOME (WITH SCAFFOLDING) AND THE APSE.

An official announcement of the closing of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre quoted the report of Mr. William Harvey, the architect, as follows: "It is impossible to say whether the Katholikon Dome with its high vaults and heavy masonry will fall first or the many piers of the Rotunda or of the Apse."



A SPOT HELD SACRED BY ALL CHRISTENDOM; NOW THREATENED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE CHURCH: THE HOLY SEPULCHRE ITSELF—MARKED BY A CRACKED MARBLE SLAB.

THE Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the most noted shrine in Christendom, has been closed to the public because, owing to an earthquake shock in October, it is no longer safe for people to enter the building. An official statement described the visit of Mr. Harvey, the architect, to inspect the edifice and the steel and wooden structures put into position in 1933-35, and continued: "In October 1937 there was an earthquake shock which, although slight, was sufficient to shake the building in every part." Reports from the technical officer as to the state of the building were so serious that Mr. Harvey was again invited to go to Palestine and make a second inspection. His general conclusions are given above. The Government's announcement went on: "It is clear that the danger would be gravely enhanced should any considerable body of persons congregate therein. The Government is considering what action for structural preservation of the Basilica should be taken." The photographs of the structural defects, it should be noted, were taken some years ago, but they are characteristic of the dangers that threaten the ancient fabric.



THE ANGELS' CHAPEL, IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE CHURCH; SHOWING (SET IN AN ELABORATE CASING) THE STONE SAID TO BE THAT ROLLED AWAY FROM THE TOMB—SEEN THROUGH THE DOOR, PART OF THE SEPULCHRE.

NATURE'S "AIR-RAIDS" AGAIN: TORNADO HAVOC; AND SOME FREAK EFFECTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE WEATHER BUREAU.



REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF A TORNADO AT GOTHENBURG, NEBRASKA, U.S.A.: (1) CLOUDS BEFORE THE FORMATION OF THE CONE; (2) THE CONE BEGINNING TO FORM IN THE CLOUDS; (3) THE FULLY-DEVELOPED CONE AS IT REACHED THE EARTH; (4) THE CONE STRIKING A FARMHOUSE, WHICH PRESENTS THE APPEARANCE OF BEING DESTROYED BY EXPLOSION.



ONE OF THE SURPRISING EFFECTS OF A TORNADO IN THE UNITED STATES: A SPADE DRIVEN INTO THE TRUNK OF A TREE—EVIDENCE OF THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE WIND.



A STILL MORE ASTONISHING FREAK EFFECT OF A TORNADO, BUT ONE THAT IS OFTEN REPORTED AFTER SUCH AN EVENT: STRAWS DRIVEN BY THE FORCE OF THE WIND INTO PIECES OF WOOD.



AFTER A TORNADO AT GRIFFIN, INDIANA: REFUGEES SEARCHING AMONG RUINS OF THEIR HOMES IN A VILLAGE OF 350 INHABITANTS, WHERE 55 WERE KILLED AND 200 INJURED AND NOT A HOUSE LEFT INHABITABLE.



TYPICAL HAVOC CAUSED BY A TORNADO AT MURPHYSBORO, ILLINOIS: A HUGE PILE OF WRECKAGE OF TIMBER BUILDINGS, ONE OF WHICH (IN LEFT BACKGROUND) IS SEEN TILTED OVER BODILY.

Since the tornadoes of March 15 in the States of Missouri and Illinois, particularly destructive at Belleville, near St. Louis, as shown by illustrations of such phenomena given in our April 2 number, further visitations have occurred in the same two States, as well as in Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. It was reported on March 31 that at least 32 people had been killed and 250 injured, while hundreds more had been rendered homeless, and the damage to property amounted to £200,000. Central Illinois suffered most severely. There the storm cut a path three miles wide, and was most violent at the towns of Pekin,

Rushville, and Astoria. At Pekin, it was stated, half the houses in the place were wrecked, besides the church, high school, and railway station. Schools were also struck at Columbus, Kansas, and Oglesby, Oklahoma. Further disasters have happened more recently. On April 9 it was reported that 48 lives had been lost in the worst April storms on record in the southern and mid-west States and that another 60 people were missing. Widespread floods occurred in Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia. A tornado at Aliceville, Alabama, caused 10 deaths and made 200 people homeless. The photographs given on this and the opposite page

Continued opposite.

TORNADOES IN ACTION: VARIETIES OF SHAPE ASSUMED BY THE CONES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE WEATHER BUREAU.



SHORT, THICK, AND OVAL IN FORM: A CONE FROM A LOW CLOUD NEAR ALFALFA, CADDO COUNTY, OKLAHOMA, U.S.A., WHERE THE PATH OF THE TORNADO WAS HALF A MILE WIDE.



SUGGESTING THE TRUNK OF A GIGANTIC ELEPHANT PICKING UP FOOD FROM THE GROUND: THE HUGE CONE OF A TORNADO STRETCHING DOWN TO EARTH FROM HIGH CLOUDS AT HARDTNER, KANSAS, U.S.A.



LIKE THE SNOUT OF SOME COLOSSAL ANT-EATER LICKING UP ITS PREY FROM A HUMAN "ANT-HILL": THE LONG, SLENDER, AND CURVING CONE OF A TORNADO THAT STRUCK OKLAHOMA CITY.



RATHER SUGGESTIVE OF AN ENORMOUS TREE, EXCEPT THAT ITS TRUNK IS THICKER AT THE TOP THAN AT THE BOTTOM: A BLACK TORNADO CLOUD WITH ITS CONE PHOTOGRAPHED AT SOLOMON, KANSAS.

do not illustrate these particular disasters, but are designed to show typical tornadoes experienced elsewhere at various times, the enormous havoc caused thereby, and some of their peculiar effects. In an article concerning them and tornadoes in general, contributed to "Nature Magazine," Mr. C. F. Talman writes: "A tornado is a small, local whirlwind, always of terrific violence. The accompanying pictures all relate to true tornadoes. That they are of tremendous force is indicated by some of the feats they perform. It is estimated that the speed of the whirling winds may reach 500 miles per hour. If you try to form a

conception of the force of such a wind, remember that a wind of 60 miles an hour can uproot good-sized trees, and that the force increases approximately as the *square* of its velocity. . . . The blowing of straws into trees and posts is one of the oft-reported freaks of a tornado. . . . The tornado that swept across the adjoining corners of Missouri, Illinois and Indiana on March 18, 1925, was the most destructive in American history. The terrific blow took 742 lives, and property damage approximated \$13,000,000." One picture on the opposite page shows what was left of Griffin, Indiana, after this storm.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE; AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.



MR. C. B. FERNALD.

Author and dramatist. Was lost overboard from his son's auxiliary cutter in Dover Harbour on April 10; aged sixty-nine. His best-known plays include "The Cat and the Cherub," "The Pursuit of Pamela," and "The Mask and the Face." *Lafayette.*

DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL.

Elected M.P. (Soc.) in the by-election at West Fulham, with a majority of 1421. The by-election was caused by the death of Sir Cyril Cobb (Cons.), who had a majority of 3483 at the last election. Contested Putney in 1934 and Bury in 1935. *Art-Photo.*

LORD AILSA.

Distinguished yachtsman. Oldest member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Died April 9; aged ninety. Was owner of the famous "Bloodhound." A member of the Clyde, Clyde Corinthian, Royal Dorset and Royal Thames Yacht Clubs, and the Yacht Racing Association. *(E. & F.)*



PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER, PRINCESS BEATRIX: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY PRINCE BERNHARD.
This delightful photograph of Princess Juliana of the Netherlands holding her baby daughter was taken by Prince Bernhard in the Royal Palace of Soestdijk. Princess Beatrix was born on January 31. *(Associated Press.)*



A SITUATION WHICH LED TO CRITICISM OF M. BLUM: STRIKERS AT A PARIS AIRCRAFT FACTORY HOLDING A CONCERT AFTER STOPPING WORK ON REARMAMENT ORDERS.

The strike of workers in the Paris metallurgical industries has spread to such an extent that, as we write, some 60,000 men are idle. On April 8 employees of the Hispano-Suiza establishment ceased work and the construction of aeroplane engines for the French Air Force came to a standstill. In the Chamber of Deputies, on April 6, M. Blum was criticised by M. Flandin, who stated: "Things will go better only . . . when in a dangerous international situation, work for national defence is not held up by strikes." *(Planet News.)*



HERR HITLER VOTES IN FAVOUR OF THE GREATER REICH: THE FÜHRER PLACING HIS SEALED ENVELOPE IN A BALLOT-BOX IN BERLIN.

Herr Hitler returned to Berlin from Vienna on April 10 and, entering a second-class waiting-room at the station which had been turned into a polling-booth, cast his vote in the plebiscite on the annexation of Austria. His example was followed by Dr. Goebbels, Herr Himmler, and members of his suite. The Führer will spend the Easter holiday at Berchtesgaden, returning to Berlin for his forty-ninth birthday on April 20. *(A.P.)*



THE NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE MAKING A STATEMENT DURING THE POLITICAL CRISIS: M. DALADIER, WHO HAS FORMED A MINISTRY WITHOUT SOCIALIST PARTICIPATION.

Following the rejection of his financial proposals by the Senate, M. Blum resigned on April 8 and the President of the Republic requested M. Daladier to attempt to form a Cabinet. The Socialists refused to participate in his Ministry, but adopted a motion authorising the party Deputies to support the Government at their discretion. On April 10 M. Daladier succeeded in forming a Ministry, largely composed of Radicals but including M. Reynaud. The number of portfolios has been limited to nineteen, and there is an "inner council" which will be in daily contact with the Premier. *(Planet.)*



SIR GEORGE BROADBRIDGE.

Returned unopposed as City M.P., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir T. Vansittart Bowater. Was Sheriff, 1933-34; and Lord Mayor of London, 1936-37. The last contested Parliamentary election in the City of London was in 1929, when a Liberal candidate was defeated by the late Member, with a majority of 11,570. *(Miles and Kaye.)*



LORD MILFORD HAVEN.

Died April 8; aged forty-five. Eldest son of Prince Louis of Battenberg and a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. Began his career in the Navy, in which he greatly distinguished himself, being present at the Heligoland Bight, Dogger Bank and at Jutland in the battle-cruiser "New Zealand." He retired from the Navy in 1932. Among other posts he held that of a director of Illustrated Newspapers. *(Foulsham and Banfield.)*



Agriculture also owes a debt to DUNLOP. The toil of tillage has been lightened almost beyond belief by DUNLOP Land Tyres and the pneumatic equipment of Tractors of every description—Leaving even the time factor out of account, the economy in horse-power and man-power is directly derived from John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre





Enjoy Wills' Gold Flake

The Man's Cigarette that Women like



THE phrase "English Regency," as applied to a particular type of English furniture, is commonly used very loosely and very inaccurately. Strictly speaking, it should only be applied to the style in vogue during the ten years from 1810 to 1820, when the future George IV. was Prince Regent during



1. ONE OF THE VERY FINE PIECES OF REGENCY FURNITURE IN THE FORTHCOMING HARTWELL HOUSE SALE: A FIRESIDE TABLE INTO WHICH AN ORIENTAL ELEMENT IS INTRODUCED BY THE PALM-TREE-LIKE PILLAR.

Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, is a mansion with many historic associations. Louis XVIII. lived here during his exile; with numbers of eminent emigrés. The sale of the contents is being conducted by Messrs. Sotheby on April 26, 27 and 28. There are many interesting pictures, including works by Reynolds, Romney and Allan Ramsay, and a number of Lelys. The furniture includes some very fine Regency pieces, and a remarkable gilt-wood suite of a settee and eight chairs in that style of Chippendale known as the "French Taste."

the final madness of his father. Actually, the name is given to all sorts of types which came into fashion from the last years of the eighteenth century to about 1830, when George IV. died.

A generation ago no one took much interest in furniture produced after 1800: people liked to believe their tables and chairs were made in December 1799 and not in January 1800, and as no one can possibly tell which is which, honest dealers were—and sometimes are—at a disadvantage. On the whole, we have a little more sense to-day and don't imagine that cabinet-makers woke up on January 1, 1800, saying "Let's start a new nineteenth-century style," any more than we think the good people of Florence jumped out of bed in 1450 and shouted with one accord, "Let's start the Renaissance." Regency furniture grew quite naturally out of the fashions of previous decades, and, like those fashions, followed the lead of Paris fairly closely, war or no war, Napoleon or no Napoleon. To put it briefly, what is referred to as English Regency is an adaptation (not a copy) of the furniture of the French Directory and of the French Empire plus numerous idiosyncrasies of our own—and harking back to Hepplewhite and Sheraton. Material—mostly mahogany; ornament mostly ormolu and/or gilding in spots, as it were. Occasionally designs would be freakish, as in the little table of Fig. 1, an interesting, amusing, but faintly pompous echo of much earlier experiments both in France and England—for example, rustic chairs of the 1770's, whose legs imitated logs of

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ENGLISH REGENCY FURNITURE: THE HARTWELL HOUSE SALE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

wood. But in general, both French and English styles of the time of the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars are comparatively austere and dignified.

This cabinet—to illustrate one of many—(Fig. 3) has considerable virtues; it is practical and comely. If it goes wrong, it goes wrong in minor details—the gilded pillars are no essential part of the design; they have no real part to play as supports, and even if they were not gilt they would still detract from the monumental lines of the piece. Nevertheless, this cabinet is, on the whole, very modern, the wood finely figured, the proportions well balanced, the re-entrant angles most effective in providing variety. You either like the gilt and carved feet or you don't; as with the pillars, they break the line—do you approve of so violent a contrast? To me, they don't "belong." It is purely a matter of taste—I happen to demand that each piece of furniture should be a unity, each part flowing naturally into the next.

Fig. 2 shows an ingenious experiment—four typical sofa tables made to interlock to form a

word, we can call the classic style of Hepplewhite and merging, quite definitely, but not very nobly, into a strange hotch-potch of "Egyptian, Grecian, Gothic, Arabesque, French, English, and other schools of the Art." Thus Mr. George Smith, "Upholsterer and Furniture Draughtsman to His Majesty" (George IV.), and a great man in his day.

One can trace this gradual change easily enough by the books published at the time. First there is the Hepplewhite book, "Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterers' Guide"—three editions, 1788, 1789, and 1794. Then poor Sheraton's publication, "Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Drawing Book"—also three editions, 1791, 1793, and 1802. After that there is Sheraton's last book, the unfinished and by no means sane "Cabinet Dictionary" of 1803. Next comes the strange work of a rich amateur, Thomas Hope of Deepdene, 1807, "Household Furniture and Interior Decoration"; in which the cabinet-making trade is put in its place—it was told it was "entirely ignorant of the most familiar principles of visible beauty, wholly



2. A VERY UNUSUAL, AND POSSIBLY UNIQUE, EXAMPLE OF REGENCY FURNITURE—EXTREMELY MODERN IN ITS INGENUITY AND USEFULNESS: A SET OF FOUR MAHOGANY SOFA TABLES DESIGNED TO BE FITTED TOGETHER TO FORM ONE BIG DINING-TABLE.



3. A MONUMENTAL REGENCY PIECE IN THE HARTWELL HOUSE SALE: AN UPRIGHT SECRETAIRE IN MAHOGANY, WITH GILDED PILLARS AND ORNAMENTS; STANDING 5 FT. 2 IN. HIGH.

dining-room table. Each table has beaded and grooved rims and two slender trestle supports, and double carule legs shod in brass.

It is an odd period in the history of furniture evolution, beginning with what, for want of a better

uninstructed in the simplest rudiments of drawing, or, at most, only fraught with a few wretched conceits, borrowed from the worst models of the degraded French school of the middle of the last century, was left wholly destitute of those attributes of true elegance and beauty, which, though secondary, are yet of such importance to the extension of our rational pleasures"—and much more to the same effect, concluding with the advice to go back to Greece, and preferably to Egypt, for models. Finally, there is George Smith, who, in two books, one of 1808, the other of 1826, sets our minds entirely at rest. "Perfection," he writes in the latter publication, "was reserved for the present period, in relation to ornament and domestic embellishment. In the year 1804 Mons. Denon's grand publication detailing the antiquities of Egypt became public." (This, by the way, was the direct result of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign.) "The travels of scientific men, the publications within the last twenty years, the Elgin marbles . . . if no other causes had existed, would surely have been sufficient to account for the present elegant and refined taste."

The illustrations are of Regency pieces which are to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby at Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, on April 26, 27, and 28—a very distinguished collection of its kind, and apparently closely related to the famous Regency furniture made for the then Samuel Whitbread of Southill, Bedfordshire, by the firm of Marsh and Tatham to designs by Henry Holland in the last years of the eighteenth century. Mr. Lee Antonie, from whom the distinguished Dr. John Lee inherited, was a friend and fellow-M.P. of Samuel Whitbread, of Southill.

REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME: DETAIL OF THE PIETÀ IN ST. PETER'S, MICHELANGELO'S FIRST GREAT WORK.



THE SCULPTURED ALTAR-PIECE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PIETÀ, ST. PETER'S, ROME: A WORK EXECUTED BY MICHELANGELO BETWEEN THE YEARS 1499 AND 1500.



SHOWING THE SCULPTOR'S SIGNATURE ON THE SHOULDER-BAND: DETAIL OF THE PIETÀ BY MICHELANGELO—THE ONLY WORK HE EVER SIGNED.



A WORK WHICH ESTABLISHED MICHELANGELO'S POSITION AS THE GREATEST SCULPTOR IN ITALY: A THREE-QUARTER VIEW OF THE HEAD OF THE CHRIST.



DETAIL OF THE PIETÀ REVEALED BY THE CAMERA FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE PROFILE OF THE CHRIST, WHICH CANNOT ORDINARILY BE SEEN.

to do so, thanks to photographs taken in St. Peter's, Rome, in connection with a film about Michelangelo. These not only present the complete work in its serene loveliness, but a three-quarter view and a profile of Christ's head, and thus are most valuable as revealing those impressive beauties of the parts of the Pietà which are hidden to the ordinary observer. Michelangelo executed the Pietà between the years 1499 and 1500, and it at once established him in the position of the greatest sculptor in Italy. He was commissioned to carry out the colossal statue of David, now in the Academy of Fine Arts, when he returned to Florence in the following year. The Pietà is the only work which Michelangelo signed, and his signature can be seen on the band crossing the breast of the Madonna.



A MASTERPIECE OF SERENE LOVELINESS WHICH, BECAUSE OF ITS POSITION IN ST. PETER'S, ROME, CANNOT BE STUDIED IN DETAIL, THE PIETÀ OF MICHELANGELO, PHOTOGRAPHS OF WHICH, TAKEN RECENTLY FOR A FILM ABOUT THE SCULPTOR, DISCLOSED "HIDDEN" BEAUTIES.

FIGHTING-PLANES OF THE POWERS: V.—RUSSIA'S ENIGMATIC AIR FORCE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



SOVIET RUSSIA'S AIR FORCE, FOR WHICH RESOUNDING CLAIMS HAVE BEEN MADE, ALTHOUGH LITTLE IS KNOWN OF IT: FIRST-LINE MACHINES; INCLUDING THE NEW "I.17" FIGHTER, SAID TO BE CAPABLE OF 300 M.P.H.

We here continue our series of illustrations of fighting 'planes of the Great Powers. There is little reliable information to be had about the Russian air force, but the following details are drawn from Jane's "All the World's Air Craft," the co-editor of which, Mr. Leonard Bridgman, was good enough to assist our artist. In 1936 the major portion of the equipment of the Soviet Air Force, with the exception of obsolescent twin-engined bombers and two-seat reconnaissance machines, and old single-seat fighters still retained in the Caucasus and Central Asia, consisted mainly of aeroplanes derived from prototypes brought out between 1929 and 1931.

The bombing force is armed mainly with the "T.B.3" four-engined monoplane (seen in the background of the above drawing), but re-equipment is in progress with the "S.B." twin-engined all-metal low-wing medium bomber. The fighter squadrons are still mainly equipped with the "I.5." single-seat biplane (illustrated above), but the "I.15" and "I.16" are being produced in large quantities for re-equipment. Russia has few aircraft designers capable of original work. A. N. Toupolev, the Director of the Central Aero Hydrodynamics Institute, who is responsible for the "A.N.T." types, is, however, outstanding in this respect.



THE BLONDE IDEA

The delightful new shade of walnut, finely figured, and carved by hand was an obvious choice for this attractive and comfortable lounge. Colour is infused by the covered chairs, and a requisite touch of manner in the gilded mirror that adorns the wall.

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'Raeburn' three seat settee in figured gold moquette, upholstered all hair; 5 ft. 9 ins. wide over-all, seat 1 ft. 11 ins. deep	
Easy chair to match; 2 ft. 9 ins. wide over-all, seat 2 ft. deep	£24 . 0 . 0
	£12 . 15 . 0

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The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"LA TENDRE ENNEMIE."

THE new picture from the Eden Studios (Paris) presented at Studio One, "La Tendre Ennemie," is yet another example of the very individual approach to the kinematic medium which distinguishes the best work of the French film-makers. That approach, it seems to me, has been definitely influenced in the first place by M. René Clair, whose genius threw a fresh light on the possibilities of the screen, in the second place by M. Sacha Guitry's royal

compass nor, possibly, the ingredients that make for general popularity, but it is nevertheless an arresting, cleverly constructed, and intimate *jeu d'esprit*.

"THE DRUM."

Mr. Alexander Korda's new Technicolor production, "The Drum," presented at the Odeon, is an ambitious picture that fully justifies the months of preparatory work devoted to it on location in India, in North Wales, and in the Denham Studios. Moreover, it contains the answers to two questions the public may well have framed since little Sabu rode into the limelight on the great elephant Kala Nag, in "Elephant Boy," and the American producers searched the annals of British military history for subjects such as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Was the triumph of the fourteen-year-old Indian boy in his first film a mere flash in the pan? Must we leave the big film of typical English character to Hollywood? In both cases "The Drum"

weighs in with an emphatic "No." For this picture, based on an original story by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, is a rousing entertainment, beautifully staged, and Sabu emerges from it as a star in his own right.

Sabu's brief life-story sounds like a fairy-tale. Two years ago he was just a youngster whose father, a mahout, was killed whilst working the royal elephants of the Maharaja of Mysore. Once a day he called at the elephant stables to draw his allowance of rice, and for the rest he may have had his boyish dreams as he played about the bazaars. They can scarcely have included the fame and affluence that have come to him since Mr. Robert Flaherty chose him out of scores of applicants for the hero of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's famous story. His familiarity with the Maharaja's giant mounts, his intelligence and fearlessness dictated that choice, but even in his first attempt he proved himself a natural actor whose poise and slim beauty fired the public's imagination. "The Drum" places a greater burden on his shoulders, and he carries it with amazing ease. His acting shows no effort, no signs of tuition; it has no tricks. But a sense of drama and of character dwells in his expressive eyes, and he has an innate dignity that at all times separates his small, still figure from a turbulent background.

The drama of the North-West Frontier has a pattern from which it is not easy, nor even necessary, to diverge. There will, we know, be scenes of ambush in the mountain passes, and winding cavalcades shrouded in clouds of dust. There will be friendly overtures to the British, veiling inimical intrigue, and, as like as not, the splendours of a feast to mask a wholesale massacre planned by the suave host. All these things happen in Mr. Mason's tale, knit together by the friendship of young Prince Azim, son of Mohammed Khan (who is ruthlessly murdered behind a British Mission's back by his rebellious brother, Prince Ghul), and Bill Holder, a Scottish drummer-boy. Bill teaches Azim to tap out a "signature tune" on his drum, and thus it comes about that the fugitive prince rides to the rescue of his English friends and sends out a message of warning. The drama is one of simple outline, though



"THE DRUM": THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS ATTACK THE DISLOYAL HILL TRIBESMEN WHO HAVE BESIEGED TOKOT, AND RESCUE CAPTAIN CARRUTHERS.

disregard of established film conventions, and thirdly by the actual quality of Gallic wit. *Glissez—n'insistez pas* was the golden rule set down, probably in some salon of the gay past, for the brilliant conversationalists who conducted their verbal encounters with all the *finesse* of the master-duellist. The sterner business of an unquiet world has curtailed the leisure necessary to the "art" of conversation, but the light touch, the happy twist that scores a point without wounding, the sudden flight from fact to a decorative flourish are indestructible weapons in the armoury of Gallic wit, ready to hand in the field of entertainment and, indeed, still sufficiently in daily use to impart to the atmosphere of France that exhilaration, that tender, brittle charm to which even the tourist responds. Mr. Max Ophuls, director of "La Tendre Ennemie," manipulates his satirical rapiers as to the manner born, albeit his earlier career was connected with the German studios. His work on this comedy-fantasy, based on a play by M. A. P. Antoine, conforms to the spirit of the modern French film in its imaginative aspects, its caustic edge, its clever jugglery with the real and the unreal, the present and the past.

It is not difficult to guess that the "gentle enemy" of the title is woman, for M. Antoine is not the first to see in woman's materialism, possessiveness, and even in her devotion an eternal and unconscious menace to man. It is, therefore, the treatment of the subject rather than the theme itself which holds our interest in a picture betraying nothing of its stage origin. The life-story of Madame Dupont might have been told as a straight story and earned thereby the label of "strong emotional drama." For the lady in question failed her penniless young lover in her youth, preferring, at the last moment, security with an unloved man whom she plagued, exploited, and finally deserted for the sake of a handsome lion-tamer who, in his turn, succumbed to her blind and selfish infatuation. Surviving the trio of her victims, the smiling and serene Madame Dupont is, when we first meet her, engaged in forcing her daughter to follow in her footsteps. The girl, though in love with an airman, is celebrating her engagement to a wealthy chemist, when the usual gathering of relatives and friends come three unbidden guests. They are the ghosts of M. Dupont, of the lion-tamer, and of the youthful sweetheart who put a bullet through his brain. Their commentary, their mutual confidences, evoke the past; their intervention saves the daughter from an unhappy marriage. They are ironical and philosophical ghosts, discussing the past without passion, recognising the truth without rancour, observing the present with humour, though their wisdom is not free from resignation; nor are they so detached as to escape a certain nostalgic craving for things earthy. The camera plays its tricks with them, perching them on chandeliers, on fountains, waiting them at will from the wine-cellar to the garden, but they themselves remain restrained, quietly entertaining and a trifle pathetic. The director has achieved the difficult task of dovetailing the supernatural with the natural; and from a deliberately fantastic, slightly nebulous frame the cameos of life emerge with clarity, shrewdly observed, and finely realised by Mlle. Simone Berriau, MM. Georges Vitray and Marc Valbel. The picture has neither the



"THE DRUM," AT THE ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE: MARJORIE CARRUTHERS (VALERIE HOBSON), WIFE OF THE SPECIAL AGENT, CAPTAIN CARRUTHERS, WITH THE FUGITIVE PRINCE AZIM (SABU).

"The Drum," a London Films' Technicolor production now at the Odeon, Leicester Square, is a typical story by A. E. W. Mason, featuring Sabu, the young Indian who made his debut in "Elephant Boy." It is reviewed on this page.



"THE DRUM": PRINCE GHUL (RAYMOND MASSEY), THE SCHEMING UNCLE OF PRINCE AZIM, WHO SEEKS TO RAISE A REBELLION AMONG THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER TRIBES.



"THE DRUM": PRINCE AZIM BECOMES FRIENDLY WITH DRUMMER-BOY BILL HOLDER (DESMOND TESTER), WHO TEACHES HIM A DANGER SIGNAL ON THE DRUMS AS WELL AS A GOOD DEAL OF COCKNEY SLANG.

a trifle confused at the outset by the general use of the English language—and the director, Mr. Zoltan Korda, deals with it vigorously, honestly, with due appreciation of its spectacular possibilities and the thrills of its final terrific skirmish. Moreover, colour is of immense value to the mighty mountain scenery brought back from the territory north of Chitral, in whose valley, dominated by the white peak of Tiridimar, the third highest mountain in the world, the camera unit, headed by Mr. Osmond Borrodaile, made its headquarters. The barren landscape, the high-perched town of Tokot, where Captain Carruthers, installed as Resident, and Prince Ghul come to grips, and the khaki of the soldiers provide a symphony in sober brown dramatically splashed here and there by a scarlet coat or a nautch-girl's vivid draperies. The authenticity of military detail, obviously most carefully "vetted," and the admirable restraint of the actors strengthen the sinews of a picture that preserves, even in its moments of unleashed fury, a genuine ring. Nothing could be better or more effective than Mr. Roger Livesey's "all in the day's work" manner as the intrepid Captain Carruthers, nor more charming than Miss Valerie Hobson's unexaggerated study of wifely devotion. Mr. Raymond Massey as the dangerous Prince Ghul is no mere "smiling damned villain," but a fanatic driven to boundless cruelty by his dreams, whilst the honest humour of Mr. Edward Lexy and young Desmond Tester falls unobtrusively into place in a British production of exceptional vitality, scope and interest.

This England . . .



April landscape near Lewdon—Devon

AN April dawn has but to shew inclement for some thoughtless one to quote ironically, "Oh to be in England . . ." Thoughtless, because this is the cry of an exile, yearning for England in the Spring. And mark this, good homekeepers, though he be city-bred, your exile's heartache is always for the English countryside, never for houses or streets. He dreams of long past holidays, the smell of hay and horse's sweat, the sound of a little bell across the Sunday fields, the sight of full-eared barley beneath a summer moon. He feels again the weariness of that last mile, the luxury of the plain wood chair, and that delicious moment as the eye foretastes the cool, full-bodied Worthington . . . of these is our bondage to England spun.





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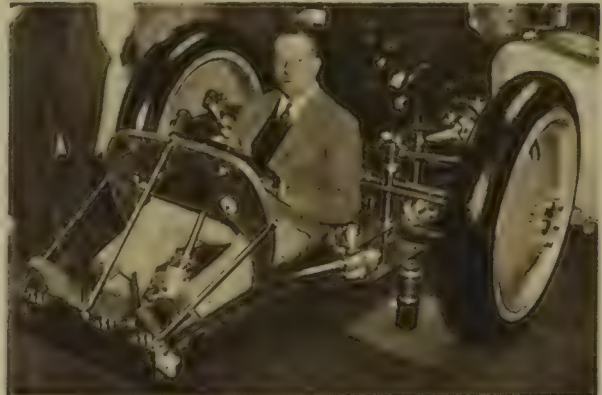
CANADA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT was in 1905 that the Vauxhall Motor Company, Ltd., moved from Vauxhall to Luton. The original factory there is a mere dot in the large extensions which have taken place from time to time since the Vauxhall really found favour with the public by its excellent performance in the R.A.C. 1000-miles trial of 1904. In that year, by the way, the old London works produced 46 cars. Last year (1937) the Luton factory manufactured nearly 60,000 cars and Bedford commercial motor-vehicles, which gives some idea of the progress made by this commercial undertaking. Recently a new building was officially opened at Luton—a further extension, this time for the research department. It has cost £175,000 to erect and equip with a research staff of over 300 persons,

broken into sections, each concentrating upon some particular branch of the work to improve motor-cars. It is full of gadgets and visitors invited to the formal opening had these shown to them. Thus the acoustics engineer has a sound-proof room and special electrical apparatus



THE HIGH-SPEED CAR, DESIGNED FOR MR. JOHN COBB FOR HIS ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD'S LAND-SPEED RECORD: (ABOVE) MR. JOHN COBB IN THE DRIVING-SEAT IN FRONT OF THE FRONT-AXLE; AND (BELOW) A REAR VIEW OF THE CAR COVERED WITH ITS DETACHABLE SKIN OF ALUMINIUM.

This streamlined car, whose surface is broken only by the cockpit-cover just above its nose and the covers over the tops of the wheels, has been designed by Mr. Reid Railton for Mr. John Cobb, who hopes to make an attempt on the world's land-speed record at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, in August. There is no radiator or fin and the car is driven by two 1250-h.p. Napier aero-engines which will be cooled by a tank holding seventy-five gallons of ice-water. The aluminium skin has to be lifted off to allow the driver to reach his seat or for the wheels to be changed. The present record is held by Captain G. E. T. Eyston with a speed of 311'42 m.p.h. *Sport and General and Planet News.*

which he takes out in the vehicles so that he may test them for sound insulation while they are actually running. With this apparatus he can measure the overall noise made by any vehicle and also tune in to some particular source of noise, such as the fan, and tune out the others.

On March 30, Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., announced their new thinner grade of oils at a luncheon given at the Savoy Hotel in the Abraham Lincoln room. This was very appropriate, as Pennsylvania, U.S.A., produced the first mineral oils to be sold to the world. This very British oil-blending and distributing concern were the first to sell mineral oils in England (before they were a company) in the person of Mr. Charles C. Wakefield, now Viscount Wakefield. Now they have started the crusade for motorists to use thinner oils and save engine-power and petrol from the friction caused by heavy viscosity lubricants. To-day, three new lighter grades of Wakefield's patent Castrol are available, and Dr. William Helmore, of the R.A.F. and a Professor of Cambridge University, told the assembled guests how by inhibitors, such as tin and chromium, lubricating oils were stabilised and fortified by chemicals to stand high temperatures, so that the thin oils thus treated were a great improvement on the thicker viscosity oils we all thought were the best to use. It is because of this fortifying that such oils can be patented, and so the new patent Castrol is placed on the market—its distributors knowing well that it is lighter when cold, but not too thin to efficiently do its work when hot.



TO BE COMPETED FOR AT THE R.A.C. BLACKPOOL RALLY: "THE SKETCH" CUP, A HANDSOME TROPHY PRESENTED FOR THE BEST FOUR-DOOR SALOON, IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE.

This handsome trophy, presented by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., for the best four-door saloon, irrespective of price, at the R.A.C. Blackpool Rally, which takes place on April 26-30, is "The Sketch" Cup, and was made by Mappin and Webb. "The Sketch" will, as in former years, deal with the Rally in an interesting Special Number dated May 4, for which in the past there has been a large demand from motorists in general and Rally competitors in particular.

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Daimler steering is very light: yet the car obeys it as accurately as a muscle obeys the mind. You miss no heart-beats, handling a Daimler, when emergency calls for a sudden stop or a quick move ahead. Daimler response to brake or throttle is immediate, unflurried, sure. You drive at your ease on rough, wet roads in a car that neither bumps nor pitches—that takes its corners without a trace of roll. You drive without strain in congested city traffic, with a gear control that leaves both hands for the wheel. Physical comfort—certainty—peace of mind: there's solid confidence in driving a Daimler.



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Of Interest to Women.



Swiss Belt and Cummerbund.

Fashions change far more slowly than is generally imagined. For instance, skirts once descended nearly to the ankles; this was not becoming, so they were shortened until they hardly covered the knees. These changes, nevertheless, took many years to accomplish. In these days of physical fitness the waist cannot be played with, as there must be no hint of compression. The Swiss belt was resuscitated last season, followed by the cummerbund, and now comes the true corset bodice. It is of a contrasting colour and material to the dress, black velvet frequently being chosen. It does not seem likely that it will achieve a great success.

The Tailored Suit.

Tailored suits are seen in many guises. There is the true classic in striped or plain materials, where the cut and workmanship must be beyond reproach. A new note has been struck by the suits with plain skirts and check coats; the latter are bold in pattern and are generally single-breasted. The checked hip-length cape is very fashionable. Little boleros and coatees also have their rôles to play. They match the skirt and are seen in alliance with gaily-coloured blouses. Scarves are worn wherever possible, as they are very effective in introducing a touch of colour; a favourite alliance is rust and aloe green. It is no uncommon occurrence to see flowers on evening shoes.

The Vogue for Lace.

There are few women who will not desire to possess one or more of the dresses portrayed on this page. They may be seen in the stock-size department on the second floor at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. As the vogue for lace every day becomes more pronounced, the evening model on the right is made of it. A very important point about this frock is that the bodice is "adaptable"; such a simple device aids in this good work. The coat is lined with crêpe-de-Chine and—this is not a mistake—the price is seventy shillings, in black and several colours. Fancy crêpe piqué makes the suit at the top of the page on the left; the cost is 98s. 6d., including the scarf.

Taffeta and Wool.

Printed fabrics are "leit motifs" of Swan and Edgar's collection, therefore taffeta had no choice but to take unto itself a printed design. That it has been entirely successful may be seen from the dress in the centre of the page on the left. As a matter of fact, it is rayon taffeta of which this is made, the sash being plain; the arrangement of the bodice is flattering and slimming. It is available for 80s., and so is the suit below it, which is carried out in a new wool fabric, warm as well as light. A novel note is struck by the tucks across the top of the coat.

Frocks for Tennis and Cruising.

There is really no more important occupant of the summer wardrobe than a washing-crêpe frock. It is just right for cruising, tennis and other games; there is a splendid assortment at Swan and Edgar's from 60s. The white washing-crêpe dress pictured is 70s., but then, it has neat little pockets and is cleverly trimmed with stitching. The bouclé coat edged with braid, seen in conjunction with it, is 60s. There are many variations on this theme, and, of course, the dress and coat are sold separately. The new illustrated catalogue would gladly be sent on application.





Two Suits for the Stock Size Woman

Suit Department
Third Floor



"TOPPER SUIT"

Paris says "Stripes." Three-piece Suit, featuring the newest short Topper Coat and gaily striped blouse. Skirt and jacket are in heavy quality sheer crêpe, while the blouse is in a variety of fancy material. In black, navy or brown. Hip sizes **70/=** 38, 40 and 42 in.

Size 44 in. obtainable to order.

"THREE-IN-ONE"

The Straight Silhouette of 1938. Two-piece Suit. Wool Angora is used for the smart coat, with zip fastening, which can be worn over other dresses or is quite complete alone. The high coloured dress is equally smart worn as part of two-piece or individual dress. A useful outfit for present wear. Smartly cut and well made. In black/blue, black/dusky pink, black/lilac, navy/blue, navy/dusky pink, or navy/red. Also many colourful prints. Hip **80/=** sizes 38, 40 and 42 in.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 664)

which would inevitably have brought about a complete break in the negotiations." On one occasion he remarked to M. Koudrey: "Do you realise that most of my energy is wasted on resisting the obstacles which Moscow throws in my path? Because of this, only a fraction of my work is constructive! Moscow does not realise that each time they attempt five cents' worth of propaganda in Europe, we lose a million pounds in trade! . . . We are here to sign a trade agreement and to show Europe that we can do business in a civilised manner." The author also records a conversation in London with L. B. Kamenev, who, years afterwards, was executed in 1936, after the first Trotskyist trial in Moscow.

Later, M. Koudrey had to leave London for northern Russia. He was sent out to Murmansk in charge of an expedition, consisting of an ice-breaker and six other ships, taking agricultural machinery from England to Siberia by the Arctic route, there to be exchanged at sea for raw materials. During this adventure the proceedings were enlivened by two private murders, the penalties for which contrast with the severity of those liable to be inflicted on political offenders. Describing the crime committed, in 1921, by one of the officials with whom he had to deal, the author writes: "During our absence Comrade Foreign Trade had murdered Comrade Finance. He had shot him in cold blood, in the

presence of his wife. Before he pulled the trigger he explained precisely why he was doing it. He could not stand the suspense. If Comrade Finance loved his wife, why did he not come out with it openly? Instead he had created an atmosphere of sneaking, hiding, and lying. After explaining this carefully, he had fired three shots into Comrade Finance. Then he had put on his hat and coat, gone to Comrade Cheka, and without a word of greeting sat down at his desk and started to write a detailed confession. Mrs. Foreign Trade had got a divorce immediately and left Murmansk with Comrade Education. Comrade Foreign Trade was tried and sentenced to twenty years hard labour, but the sentence was cut to five years in prison because of his proletarian origin and his services to the revolution."

Eventually M. Koudrey resolved to "break away from Russia and Europe" and go to a land of liberty. "I had not been born a hero," he says, "or a fanatic." So we leave him, in 1924, bidding good-bye to M. Krassin, then Soviet Ambassador in Paris, and starting for a tour in the United States as a member of M. Balieff's Chauve Souris company. He realised that he would never be able to return to Russia, but the thought did not unduly depress him.

Along with these books it is perhaps not too late to recall one which is not quite so recent but is not on that account any the less interesting, namely, "RED EAGLE": The Story of the Russian Revolution

and of Klementy Efremovitch Voroshilov, Marshal and Commissar for Defence of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. By Dennis Wheatley. With Coloured Frontispiece, 30 Illustrations and 12 Maps (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). While this book does not apparently contain any element of personal experience in Russia, like the two previously mentioned, it has, on the other hand, a much wider historical scope and as a narrative it possesses the picturesque and dramatic qualities to be expected of a writer who has had a great success with novels of romantic adventure, as well as some murder mysteries, not to mention "Old Rowley," described as "a private life of Charles II." The present book, with its numerous and admirable portraits and other illustrations, strikes me as a very revealing and impartial work, which will greatly help the general reader to understand what has happened in Russia during the last twenty years.

While obviously sympathetic towards his subject, Mr. Wheatley makes it clear that he himself is an individualist and a lover of liberty and "one of those queer old-fashioned people, who still believe in nailing Union Jacks to masts, for the simple reason that there is more justice, freedom, toleration and general well-being under the British flag than anywhere else in the world." He also declares that "the suffering caused by the Russian revolution was ghastly beyond belief. There is no internal upheaval in all history which can compare with it for the sum

total of human misery brought about." Nevertheless he can see what was fine in some of the leaders and their ideals. Defending his choice of hero, Mr. Wheatley says: "A great deal has already been written about Stalin, but nothing at all has appeared in English about Voroshilov, and to my mind he typifies the very highest type of Revolutionary. . . . He has always been a convinced Leninist, and has proved as faithful to Stalin as Stalin was to Lenin. . . . The ex-pit boy is a very fine man, humane and kindly, of great courage and high ideals. He stands for the new Russia that Lenin and Stalin have been working to create. I do not believe he will ever seek a dictatorship for his own ends, but if he is called upon to take supreme power in order to ensure the continuance of Stalin's plans he will not shirk his duty."

Life in the Soviet Union, is seen from yet another angle in an unpretentious and amusing book, pitched in a lower key and marked by a genial humour, "SCRATCH A RUSSIAN." By H. S. Marchant. With Decorations by Donald Nash (Lindsay Drummond; 7s. 6d.). In support of his title the author quotes the familiar aphorism, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar," but at the end of his book, in a retrospect of his impressions during a visit to Russia, he says: "Scratch a Soviet citizen and you find a Russian. You had to take care not to blame Communism for what was just Russian." Mr. Marchant recounts very simply his journey to Northern Russia in a tramp steamer and his experiences during his subsequent travels, in the course of which he made many friends, saw many aspects of homely Russian life, and climbed a mountain in the Caucasus. His narrative is well supported by the lively black-and-white drawings. Both author and illustrator, by the way, are masters at Harrow, a fact that lends point to a delicious anecdote of Russian education in Moscow. "I had visited a school that day which, on account of its nearness to Government House, was attended by the children of several commissars. The headmaster pointed them out to me in the course of our tour of inspection. I knew English schoolmasters just like him. It was not: 'That is Viscount so and so, charming fellow, charming family; they have a delightful place in Scotland,' mumbled with studied carelessness, but: 'That is our Commissar so and so's son; intelligent boy; his father was a cobbler and was in prison for ten years before the Revolution,' whispered excitedly in a voice quivering with honest pride." C. E. B.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BLISS AND BEECHAM.

THE last concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society for the season took place last week, when Sir Thomas Beecham conducted a programme of four items, two of which were by German and two by English composers. After a brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, it was a change to a much more material world to hear John Ireland's Concerto in E flat for pianoforte and orchestra, in which the soloist was Mr. Clifford Curzon. Mr. Ireland has ideas, but he does not always seem to know what to do with them once he has made his initial statement; there is a certain vigour in his work, and this was admirably demonstrated by Mr. Clifford Curzon, whose playing was conspicuous for its clarity, forcibleness and whole-hearted abandon to the mood of the composition. The audience was so appreciative that the composer also took several calls.

Following this, Mr. Arthur Bliss conducted the first concert performance of his Concert Suite from his ballet "Checkmate," which has proved so successful at Sadler's Wells Theatre. I understand that the whole conception of this ballet, which has its scenario based on a game of chess, originated with Mr. Bliss, who possesses an exceptionally ferocious and awe-inspiring Chinese set of chessmen. Undoubtedly, some of the awe and not a little of the ferocity have entered into Mr. Bliss's music, which is exceedingly and vividly dramatic. In my opinion, Mr. Bliss has found a theme extraordinarily well suited to his gifts, for he had always possessed a lively dramatic sense and an electrifying vitality, which in the past have not always found an expression satisfying to the musical listener. In the present case, however, the scenario seems to have stimulated him to invent as well as to shock and, although the shocks he gives may at a first hearing almost prevent one from properly noticing the invention, it is nevertheless there, and more abundantly than I remember noticing it in



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the compositions preceding it which I have heard. Also the music creates its own distinct atmosphere, and this is a great virtue. The opening prologue strikes a sinister note at once, and sustains it, which is altogether admirable. The entry of the Black Queen is musically effective, and the mazurka is most suggestive. The end of the Duel, with its *cor anglais* cadenza and funeral march is another compelling piece, and the finale did not sound merely noisy, as I feared it might. The work also has an admirable concision in spite of its length; but whether it has been shortened at all for concert performance I do not know. All ballet music loses by performance in the concert hall, but this loses far less than one might expect, which again is a sign of its quality.

After it came an exceedingly vital performance, under Sir Thomas Beecham, of Richard Strauss's Symphonic Poem "Ein Heldenleben," in which Mr. David McCallum took the arduous solo violin part. This work, which, like all Strauss's tone-poems, made a tremendous impression when it was first heard (in 1899 in Frankfurt, and in 1902 in London), to-day sounds commonplace to a depressing degree. This is the fate of nearly all Strauss's later orchestral works, and it makes one very fearful of being too enthusiastic about new works where novelty and undoubted virtuosity are combined to dazzle the listener. The first four sections of "Ein Heldenleben" are entitled respectively: "The Hero," "The Hero's Opponents," "The Hero's Helpmate," and "The Hero's Battlefield." "The Hero" sounds to-day like a pompous, boastful, mob-orator; the "Hero's Opponents" are as lacking in distinction and fearsomeness as the Hero; the "Hero's Battlefield" sounds like a mob-riot and the "Hero's Helpmate" like any film-star. What a devastating result for a work which aims at being the expression of the Life of a Great Artist. But there is in all Strauss's grandiose works this fatal strain of banality which reduces them to ineffectiveness, in spite of the prodigious virtuosity in orchestral expression possessed by him.

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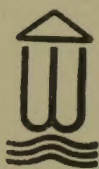
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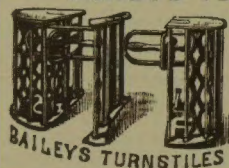
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"POWER AND GLORY," AT THE SAVOY.

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plays this part with fine gusto. There, one feels, is a man who can sway a mob. Impersonating a lion, the actor is not afraid to roar like one. His strength and air of ruthlessness, indeed, spoil the effect of the play. Impossible to believe that such a man would crumple up when attacked with leprosy, meekly agree to the doctor's terms, disband his army and found a new League of Nations in return for a cure. Mr. Homolka does not suggest a lath-and-plaster Colossus; rather one who would stop at nothing to wrest the doctor's secret from him. The final scene, in which the doctor, his terms having been accepted, hastens to the Dictator, is marred by poor production. One is supposed to imagine the doctor being trampled to death by a mob clamouring for war. Unhappily, the dozen or so actors who form this belligerent crowd might be the mildest members of a Sunday School treat.

"GHOST FOR SALE," AT THE WHITEHALL.

Witty lines and perfect acting make this otherwise rather weak little comedy excellent entertainment. One has to accept the fact that an elder brother, having inherited the title, is compelled to leave his

ancestral home in a younger brother's possession. Also that this younger brother, though swollen with pride of family, has painted the old oak in his Hall a bright green. Many homes have been marred by a sixpenny tin of enamel and an energetic housewife, but nothing quite as ghastly as the setting of this play has yet been seen. The elder brother, suspecting that the ghost of a murdered horse-dealer is concealed behind the wainscot, is anxious to sell his inheritance. The younger, knowing that the spook is merely the butler, whom he has bribed to walk across the lawn in the moonlight with a blanket over his head, is willing to buy. After the purchase has been concluded, a message from the ghost appears, prophesying the death of the owner within fourteen days. As there is an element of surprise in the rather confused *dénouement*, it would be unfair to disclose it. Mr. A. E. Matthews and Mr. Evelyn Roberts play the brothers with nicely contrasted humour. Miss Rosalyn Boulter and Mr. Robert Eddison are a refreshingly unconventional pair of young lovers. Miss Betty Chancellor makes the hit of a most amusing evening as a demure young lady who fights very successfully against her better instincts.

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THE reports that the Australian Commonwealth was contemplating a belated Coronation issue of stamps proved wrong. The proposal was raised unofficially in the Australian Parliament, but the Post Office had already planned the new definitive series of stamps for the reign. These include portraits of the King and Queen on some of the values already in use. Two of the high-value stamps in the series—5s. and 10s.—due for issue this month, are respectively to bear full-length portraits of the Queen and the King standing, each in Coronation robes.



BAHAMAS: KING
GEORGE VI.

With nearly all the Crown Colonies producing pictorial stamps, it is a change to meet the new royal effigy adapted to the old key-plate style for the ½d., 1d. and 2½d. Bahamas. The profile of King George VI. is turned to the right, whereas his three predecessors faced left. Moreover, the frame design has been modified at the top, where the name of the Colony fills the name tablet, the word "postage" and the crown being omitted. The tiny devices at left and right are respectively a pineapple and a conch-shell. Most of the other values will be in the same design, but three will be pictorial, viz., 4d., Sea Garden, Nassau; 6d., Fort Charlotte; and 8d., flamingoes in flight.

A little fragrant perfume from Bulgaria is not unwelcome as a reminder that attar of roses is still one of that Balkan State's important exports. Unfortunately, the fragrance is left to the imagination, the stamp design showing a rose and a flask of attar. As the purport of the stamps is to advertise whence the essence comes, the usual title of the country in Slavonic characters is supplemented with the name *Bulgarie* in Roman capitals. There are two of these stamps, each of 2-leva denomination, one printed in maroon and the other in rose-pink.



BULGARIA: A ROSE AND
FLASK OF ATTAR.

Ecuador has ventured into the hazardous domain of cartography on a new 5-centavos carmine stamp. The well-engraved map shows Ecuador surrounded by three puissant neighbours, and the Pacific Ocean. The worst of these maps as subjects for stamp-designs is that they often raise contention with the neighbours, who do not always see eye to eye with the cartographer in the matter of boundaries.

Another of the Balkan Entente countries, Yugoslavia, has now issued its entente series of stamps completing (with Greece, Rumania and Turkey) the group of four signatories to the Balkan Pact. The Yugoslavia stamps are in two denominations: 3 dinar green, and 4 dinar blue.

A pair of charity stamps and a solitary commemorative from Czechoslovakia are strongly contrasted in theme. The charity pair show the late Dr. T. G. Masaryk lifting a child in his arms. The child had brought flowers to him during an official visit ten years ago, and a photographer's record of the little scene has now found its way on to these stamps. The other stamp records a grimmer scene, the Battle of Bachmac, fought in 1918.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA:
THE BATTLE OF
BACHMAC.



ST. VINCENT: YOUNG'S
ISLAND AND FORT
DUVERNETTE.

The King George VI. St. Vincents open up a new Colonial panoramic page in our albums, although seven of the eleven values bear, in addition to the royal profile, the Colony's familiar "Pax et Justitia" badge, with a sprig of cotton-plant in the top-left corner. The scenic values are 1d. blue and red-brown, bearing a view of Young's Island and Fort Duvernette; the 1½d. green and red, Kingstown and Fort Charlotte; 2½d. black and blue, the Bathing Beach at Villa; 1s. purple and green, Victoria Park, Kingstown.

King Leopold III. is taking an active lead in promoting aerial defence measures in Belgium, and inaugurated the plan to raise funds for the National Committee for Air Propaganda by means of stamps.

A set of five values produced in photogravure show the King himself in flight in a military plane. They will be valid in the post until September 1939, the postal denominations and the surtax for the aviation fund being 10+5 centimes, 35+5c., 70+5c., 1.75f.+25c., 2.45f.+2.55c.



BELGIUM: PROPAGANDA FOR
AIR DEFENCE.

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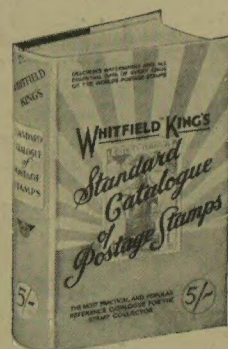
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OLD TALES RETOLD . . . "The Devon Boy who Became a Gypsy King"

Written and Illustrated by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.



"The dignity of this position exempted him from being a militant beggar, but a life of indolence was not made for him, and he resumed his enterprises more eagerly than ever before.

This time, however, fortune ceased to smile upon him, for he fell into a trap that taxed his moral and physical energies heavily.

One day passing through Barnstaple, he paid a visit to a Mr. Robert Ingleton. As he was ushered in, the door was immediately closed behind him, and he was arrested. Judge Lethbridge, who had an unextinguishable grudge against the gypsies in general, and Carew in particular (on account of the latter having once frightened his horse), had for a long time been watching for an opportunity to revenge himself. Guards were at once posted around the house to prevent Bampfylde's escape.

Like lightning the news spread abroad and the house of the judge was besieged by people of every class who came to intercede on Carew's behalf. Many smart and beautiful women undertook the task of mollifying the stern judge with their engaging smiles, but the latter's advanced age evidently rendered him quite incorruptible. A warrant was drawn up to convey the prisoner to Exeter. Here he was condemned to extradition for seven years. . .

The blow was as terrible as it was unexpected. The separation from his beloved wife was all the more painful as he was already the father of two little girls that he loved most tenderly. Nor could the increasing crowd of sympathisers that visited him compensate the cruelty of such a separation.

He was brought on board a vessel bound for Maryland. . .

The news of Carew's whereabouts filled the Captain with malignant joy. He immediately sent a long-boat to fetch him back. He had not forgotten that on leaving England, he had overheard Carew promising a friend that he would be back in England before him. So he lost no opportunity of taking his revenge.

As Carew walked into his presence, he ordered him to strip. The boatswain was ordered to fetch the cat o' nine tails, and Carew was tied up. This humiliating and cruel punishment not only awoke in Carew a wave of hatred such as he had never felt for anyone before, but proved to him how useless it was to be honourable with some people. For of his own free will he had walked into the hands of his tormentor.

Still quivering with pain, he was submitted to a fresh humiliation as inhuman as the first. He was dragged ashore, and taken to a blacksmith where a heavy iron collar was riveted around his neck. That was another amenity that the law inflicted on runaway slaves.

Within a few days, the ever-happy Carew that everyone had known, always full of joviality and wit,

had acquired the dejected and pitiful appearance of the man morally and materially crushed. He was given the task of loading and unloading constantly under the whip and surveillance of the slave driver.

He had almost lost the power of thinking, when one day Captain Avery and Captain Hopkins approached him. They were the two friends who had tried to redeem him at Newtown. To see this man for whom they had conceived such a high respect reduced to such a condition, touched them so deeply, that they decided not to leave a stone unturned until Carew had made good his escape.

The law punished with a fine of forty pounds anyone who helped a runaway slave to take off the iron collar, so they told him if they succeeded in arranging for his escape, he should travel with his collar on as far as that region inhabited only by Indians. They would take it off without difficulty or danger.

A little persuasion, together with a few bribes, and Carew, hiding the brutal iron ring with a piece of cloth, went further and further from the centre where European civilisation was taking root. . .

For several days he walked towards the interior of the country scanning the ground for a path revealing human traffic. His provisions were already exhausted when at last he saw a small congregation of Indians with long flowing hair, wearing multi-coloured feathers. Were they friends or wild murderous dwarfs? Quivering with trepidation he approached and to his great relief he saw that they were armed with rifles. That was a sign of civilisation.

As soon as they saw him they surrounded him, and from the expression on their faces he gathered their friendly disposition. He was brought before the Chief, a splendid specimen of that virile race, who, without hesitation, set himself the task of relieving Carew from that terrible torture he carried

around his neck. A saw had to be purposely constructed, and after considerable labour the ring was forced open.

For many weeks Carew enjoyed the hospitality of the Indians. Amongst these simple people he had no need to lie, no need of disguise, no need to be on the defensive. They had offered him food and protection, yet he was homesick, and not wishing his host to know it, he refrained from showing it.

So one day, during one of those festivals when dances were in progress around the fire and peace pipes were passing from lip to lip, he cautiously crept away and made his way towards the river where he jumped in a canoe and paddled away, his mind fixed on the memory of his beloved country, his wife and his little daughters.

He landed at Newcastle in Pennsylvania. As soon as he got in contact with civilised people he had to resume the various masks of his normal profession without which he could not hope to return to his native country.

From place to place disguised as a Quaker he made friends with many and fooled many others. He reached Philadelphia exploiting anyone he could and stage by stage, reached New York, then a settlement of only 7,000 inhabitants. By this time he was already so far from his enemies that he resumed his own name.

Through an intricate complication of stratagems and lies, he succeeded in securing a berth on a boat. With a needle he pricked his skin and with a medicinal substance he irritated it, imitating the symptoms of smallpox. This clever idea gave him the chance of being left in peace and avoided by everyone. He kept up the farce during the entire voyage, and when he went ashore at Bristol he was still wrapped in a blanket, keeping up the appearance of a deplorable object of compassion and pity. . .

. . . an entertaining story written and magnificently illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I. — read it all in the April issue of "Britannia and Eve"

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